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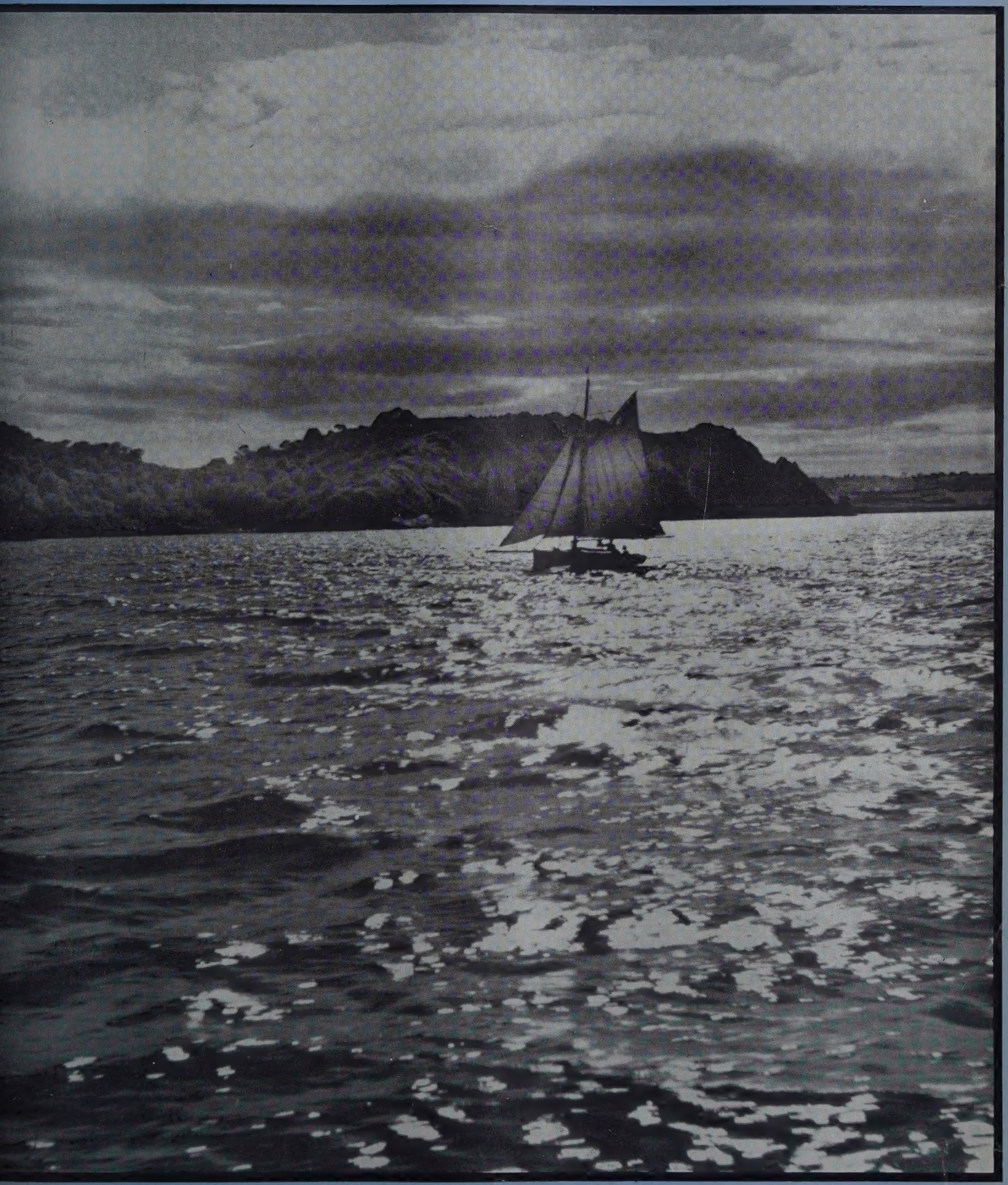

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LAND OF SUNNY CONTRASTS

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. CXXII No. 3174 NOVEMBER 14, 1957

Pearl Freeman

THE HON. HAZEL SCOTT-ELLIS

The Hon. Hazel Scott-Ellis, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden, of Wonham Manor, Betchworth, Surrey, is to be married on November 20 to Mr. Joseph Czernin, only son of Count and Countess Franz Josef Czernin, of 23, Seymour-place, W.1

COUNTRY LIFE

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The Editor reminds correspondents that communications requiring a reply must be accompanied by the requisite stamps. MSS. will not be returned unless this condition is complied with.
Postage on this issue (Newspaper Rate): Inland 5½d.; Canada 1½d.; elsewhere abroad 7½d. Annual subscription rates including postage: Inland 117s. 6d.; Abroad 113s. 8d.; Canada 111s. 6d.

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FARMERS' DOUBTS

GOVERNMENT decisions on several important matters of agricultural policy have taken farmers by surprise. Part II of the Agriculture Act, 1947, which gives disciplinary powers to the county agricultural executive committees, is to be repealed, the security of tenure provisions of the Agricultural Holdings Act are to be made less rigid, arbitrators are to be given new instructions when deciding rent cases and, in another field, Britain is to enter into agricultural discussions in advancing plans for a European free trade area.

Taking the legislative proposals first, it is clear from the Prime Minister's words last week that the county committees will lose the powers to serve directions and supervision orders on farmers and landowners, and that they will no longer be able to threaten with dispossession those whom they judge to be in default on good husbandry or good estate management. These powers have not been used at all widely for several years past. The row over the Lady Garbett case effectively stopped the Ministry from allowing the county committees to continue this line. But the powers are still on the Statute Book, and having them there gave the farming community a comfortable feeling that Part I of the Agriculture Act, which provides the guarantees of prices and markets, would not be upset. There was weight in this consideration until Parliament confirmed and strengthened Part I of the Act. This was done as recently as last session in order to make the price assurances double sure.

Now the Government admit that in peacetime the disciplinary powers which were used effectively in war-time and immediately afterwards in the years of food shortage are no longer workable. In 1956 only 48 supervision orders on husbandry grounds and 15 on estate management grounds were made—and there are about 375,000 farms in the country. It is desirable, of course, that everyone should conform to rules of good husbandry and that land everywhere should be kept in good heart, but who is to dictate what the individual should do now that economical farming rather than maximum food production is the guiding principle in agricultural policy? Presumably the Government still want a high level of net output—about 60 per cent. above pre-war was attained last year—but taxpayers are not prepared to issue a blank cheque for subsidies. Farmers know the price scale within narrow limits on which they have to operate, and it is for them to decide how to conduct their business to best advantage. The discipline will be exercised by economic forces and by the action of landlords against tenants who neglect the farms they occupy. Tenants will themselves have to take action against landlords who do not meet their obligations.

The existing provisions dealing with security of tenure are to be amended to meet the real criticism that every tenant—good, bad or indifferent—has virtually become a tenant for life. The N.F.U. will properly be anxious to safeguard the interests of all who are not bad farmers, and it can hardly be expected that landlords will regain complete discretion in deciding whom they will keep as tenants. The tribunals will be kept busy for a time sorting out these cases. But relations between landlords and tenants are in the main good enough to ensure that there will not be any general upheaval.

About European free trade farmers have some justifiable doubts. Ministers have given specific pledges that British agriculture will be kept out of any agreements for free interchange, but to save the whole project from foundering Mr. Maudling has lately undertaken that we will discuss our lines of agricultural policy with the prospective partners in the free trade area. There may be no harm in this if it is made clear beyond any possible doubt that no international organisation will be allowed to interfere with the development of Britain's agricultural policy to suit our own requirements.

THE ROOKS

FROM the sombre elms come the flock of rooks,
Black sails whirling in the storm-toss't sky.
They are searching the wind-ways steep and low,
Dipping and turning as they come and go,
Till serenely they glide in a motion slow,
One with the wind on high.

Then back to their home come the flock of rooks,
Leaving the empty and sunset sky.
They have cleaved the air, they have sailed the steep;
Now is the time for rest and sleep
In the earth-bound elms that will hide them deep,
And the winds fall to a sigh.

EDITH M. WALKER.

WATER FOR THE FUTURE

IT is seldom that the proceedings of the Salmon and Trout Association can be of wide public interest, but the Duke of Devonshire's address to the Association last week on the state of our rivers gave its recent conference an aspect of national importance. Experts have warned us time and again that continued indifference to the state of rivers might produce most serious consequences for our essential water supplies, but it may well be that the Duke's words will carry farther than the reports of the experts and do something to shatter the complacency which impedes action. In his paper, the Duke stressed the importance of purifying rivers, so that water supplies could be taken, not from the head waters, but from low down the river. He urged, too, that the Minister (of Housing and Local Government) should be given greater powers over water-undertakers, and that he should be able to attach to new authorisations a condition that water must be returned to the river at or above the place at which it was taken out. The Duke wished to see powers delegated to river boards to refuse new abstractions of water, with the Minister intervening only on appeal against such decisions, so that river boards might command respect among users for the opinion and authority of the boards. All this is excellent, and we hope it will gain the attention of those who can initiate reforms in this sphere. In an article on this subject on another page, details are given of a suggestion made at the Conference for the conservation of supplies, by which water would be drawn directly from rivers during the winter (when much of the abundance of flood water disappears, unused, into the sea) thus affording an opportunity for the wells and reservoirs to refill during the spring in preparation for summer conditions.

VICTORIAN AND EDWARDIAN

A PROPOSAL to form a society for promoting attention to the architecture and applied arts of the Victorian Age and its aftermath would have seemed humorous not long ago, but has lately been welcomed by the chairman of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings as well as the Georgian Group and a number of historians and critics of design. That dynamic age of invention and aspiration, which is recognised as having begun about the time of Queen Victoria's accession, created most of our present environment: vast quantities of rubbish, but much of nobility and charm, or at least significance, that is now becoming more generally, indeed passionately, acclaimed. All of it is in danger of destruction and dispersal without discrimination or even record. To help to discriminate, and to record, would seem the primary purposes such a society might serve, in the process establishing standards of judgement, and a stronger body of public opinion capable of forestalling snap decisions like that last year to demolish the Imperial Institute. The field is of course vast and fascinatingly varied, covering not only the Gothic revival and the first experiments in engineering but the permutation of homely taste and the great flowering of architecture with Morris, Voysey and Lutyens: for the epoch ended not with the century or the reign, but rather in 1914. Whether the association finds a more concise name for its complex aims than, for instance V.E.G.—the Victorian and Edwardian Group—and stands on its own or is affiliated with one or more cognate bodies, are questions yet to be decided. But there can be none on the potential value of its aims.

CHRYSANTHEMUM CLIMAX

THE late show of the National Chrysanthemum Society, the last specialised one of the year—held last week—is always an impressive spectacle, with its serried ranks of blooms, especially the tight, glistening spheres of incurved varieties and the shaggy giant Japanese types with their long curling petals. Among florists' flowers the chrysanthemum takes the most skill and patience to produce, needing daily attention in practically every month. Many of its zealots live in the north of England, and their journey to the show with the unwieldy results of their labours is a proof of devotion in itself. The chrysanthemum, as a florists' flower, was developed in Japan, but in this country the showman has no place for the odd quilled, plumed or hairy varieties which the Japanese prize besides the shapes familiar to us. Within their self-imposed limits, however, British breeders are undoubtedly improving the flower: the colours are becoming clearer and brighter and there is a little more variation in form. Most striking among the latest varieties are the football-sized Green Goddess, a shaggy giant in *eau-de-nil*, and the incurved Violet Queen, which has a scent of violets, each the product of many years' labour.

LITTLE LEMON

WHILE every normal person will feel sadder because Little Lemon, the satellite dog, had apparently to die in the cause of science, the hysterical protests of a few so-called animal lovers have—not for the first time—done their cause more harm than good. No influence which reason can bring to bear upon emotion is likely to affect the protestant who declared that the dog's use had no other object "than to gratify man's lust for knowledge." Others whose opposition is expressed differently must, nevertheless, face the issue in those terms. Is man's unending struggle to increase human knowledge to be arrested by a reluctance to employ in that arduous quest the lesser creatures who share the earth with him? Hitherto, man has been taught to regard them as belonging to a category of creation different from, and lower than, his own species, and on that understanding he has used them to the immeasurable benefit of his own kind and, incidentally, to the benefit of the animal world also. It is to be hoped that reflection on the status of animals, and the extent to which they have long been employed, will induce a better sense of proportion, and that scientists (who as a class are not less humane than the rest of us, and generally far more knowledgeable of the true nature of animals) will be less frequently insulted by wild accusations of sadism.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By IAN NIALL

PREDATORS are always numerous where their food is plentiful, and when large numbers of small birds move into a district it is reasonable to assume that sparrow-hawks, kestrels and so on will arrive in proportion. At any rate this theory was always in my mind, though I must be honest and say that it was never anything but a plausible argument so far as I was concerned until this autumn, when we have more sparrow-hawks and kestrels about than I have seen for a long time. They are in the trees in the vicinity of the cottage, not in competition with one another, as two or three families along the cliff might have been in summer, but enjoying a good living. There are many more small birds in the low bushes, brambles and hedges than for some time and the hawks are either busy diving towards the ground, or sailing into trees in pursuit of their prey, or taking time off to feed.

I took a drive the other day along a narrow road that hangs on the side of a cliff and watched a hovering kestrel at eye level, not more than twenty feet from the car. It was so intent on something down below that it didn't look at me at all. When I sounded the horn it tilted a wing and slid away on the wind. I got out and looked down at what seemed to be a great gathering of blue tits among the gorse and stunted bushes along a ledge of the cliff. A friend who has been watching the sparrow-hawks along the cliff near the cottage tells me that there the attraction appears to be the presence of a good number of redwings, which arrived unusually early in our part of the world. Redwings are always associated in my mind with a hard winter inland. On the seaboard the pickings are good, the ground is soft and the air is milder as a rule. Small birds in such large numbers here at the moment have a special significance. Perhaps they are gathering for a movement west or south, and when they go the sparrow-hawks and kestrels will follow.

* * *

A READER asks me about her problem in training a boxer dog, and as I am no authority on the subject I pass on her remarks in the hope that someone who knows more about it may be able to help. I have trained but one dog, and it stood firm and walked through grazing sheep without the slightest sign of excitement. I could send it through sheep and control it by hand signs from a great distance, but it was a cocker which I took in hand and trained for the gun from the time I acquired it at six weeks old until it was as near perfect as I could make it when its training was over at about eighteen months. Boxers are, I believe, dogs that take well to training, but those of my acquaintance are high-spirited and at the same time puppy-like in their affection for everyone who comes near them. Training a boxer may be quite a different proposition from training a cocker.

"I have a boxer dog, 18 months, which we acquired when he was aged 7 months," says his owner. "He is an inveterate chaser of sheep and, as you can see, we live in hill sheep farming country (Hayfield, Cheshire). He is most obedient in the house, but when he gets out walking, although not when he wanders about on his own doing his rounds, he just forges ahead, chasing motor-cars, cats and sheep and investigating anything that may be of interest (people or horses) and jumping walls to see what is on the other side. So much so that now I take him out walking on a very long rope. He can then smell around without going out of sight. Motor-cars we hardly see, as generally walks are taken daily on the moors, and cats always get away. (He plays with the cat in the house). Twice he has been shut up in a barn with fierce ewes, who have butted him unmercifully, and he never attacks them or retaliates, but just cringes in a corner. It appears, therefore, it is the chase he loves and that he does not desire to savage either sheep or cats.

"He has always been chastised after sheep chasing; he always comes back after a few minutes of concentrated chasing looking very upset and distressed to have annoyed me, but occasionally if let loose again will immediately go off and do the same. He would at one time walk reasonably to heel, but took off once or twice when something of interest appeared, usually sheep, so I must have him on a lead. He hates being left in the house alone. We have to shut him in the wash-house after removing all the objects there, and he seems to spend his time scratching and biting the bottom of the door leading into the house. He needs and receives affection, but I do not believe I am a silly woman with him in any way. He seems extremely wayward unless within reach of one's hand. He was bred in a town and taken for exercise into a park (always with his mother), where he played with sundry other dogs—hardly the right training for hill sheep country."

It is, I fear, a little late in life to train a dog not to chase sheep when he has reached 18 months, and practical lessons such as the experiment with fierce ewes rarely have the desired effect, although I once knew an egg-eating collie pup that was cured by being given eggshells filled with mustard. I hope, however, that the habit can be cured and should be delighted to pass on an appropriate remedy.

* * *

INCIDENTALLY, I often used to be irritated by the wheel-chasing habits of two collies in my neighbourhood. One used to wait for cars at the junction of a road near the cottage and the other frequented a corner near the house in which I live at the moment. Both dogs were well known and heartily cursed by everyone, from cyclists to lorry drivers. One did the wheel chasing once too often and paid for his sins. He was too old to learn, I suppose, but the other, the local garage man told me the other day, had an accident and one of his fore-feet was run over. He has never hounded wheels since with his tail whirling in circles as it used to. It was an odd thing that, although I was in no danger from the dogs' mad behaviour, it always made me annoyed. In fact, only motor-cyclists and cyclists were ever nipped, and I think the dogs were really fascinated by the spinning wheels and had no real intention of biting anyone.

J. Cook

FISHING THE MILL POND

AN old angling friend, who knows a lot about deep fishing for trout with the wet fly, a thing he did a great deal of when living in New Zealand, has written to me to put me on the right lines for this branch of angling next season. Fish, he says, must be feeding down below if they are not feeding on the surface (a reasonable premise!) and I must learn to get down to them, particularly the big trout that feed from dusk onwards. I had been thinking along these lines this year and had bought a quantity of gut, the old-fashioned silkworm gut that I used to use before the war. Alas, I had forgotten how to handle it, and broke several strands before I recalled that it needs a thorough soaking before it can be knotted. It also needs to be soaked well before it is used; one should have a cup of tea before fishing and put the gut into the tea and leave it for a while!

* * *

NYLON, the answer to the dry-fly fisherman's requirement that a cast should be buoyant, is not much use for deep fishing. It takes too long to sink and rises as the flies are worked, for it doesn't absorb the water as silkworm gut does. Another problem for the would-be deepwater angler is the line itself. This must be ungreased and heavy, requiring a stout rod to put it out. These things one must overcome in order to achieve the right technique, but what should one put at the end of the cast? The choice rests between nymphs and beetles, in the main. Perhaps an imitation of a freshwater shrimp might serve. Oddly enough, although one can defeat the purist argument about fishing imitations of the natural on the surface of a lake, in deep fishing with the wet fly the surest lure is the most natural one, the flies advocated by West and Francis Francis, perhaps. W. H. Aldham, whose work on fly dressing did not deal with lakes or deep water, included a number of flies not unfamiliar to lakes and, having his book in my possession, I intend to study the tyings, for this publication was unusual in containing not only the text, but actual dressings and itemised samples of silks and hackles, from which the flies themselves are made.

I always used to think that wet-fly fishing required a greater knowledge of entomology than dry-fly fishing. Having spent a season fishing the wet fly almost exclusively, I am convinced that to be a successful wet-fly fisherman an extensive study of underwater life is essential.

IN SEARCH OF ECHOES

By GEOFFREY GRIGSON

GILBERT WHITE on his admirable Hampshire village of Selborne is an author one reads in, rather than reads through. I often find myself going back to the *Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne* (naturalists are always forgetting it is about antiquities as well as natural history) for some particular item; and in the course of searching for it I find other items, or read with a new interest items I had forgotten or hardly noticed before.

In the index in this way my eye caught and was intrigued by the word "anathoth." It looked—what on earth was an anathoth?—vaguely Egyptian. It suggested a god with a beak, or a bird with a man's body. Turning to the page, I found it was nothing of the kind: it was Greek, simply Greek, for a place to which something returned; and that something—of Greek rather than Egyptian divinity, but still divinity—was an echo; which made me think about the echoes and the anathoths which I knew around my home, around England and elsewhere.

Anathoths—most unpronounceable; but I couldn't get this Egyptian-bird-beaked-Greek word out of my head. Early natural historians (including Evelyn, Aubrey and the enquiring Dr. Plot, who wrote a *Natural History of Oxfordshire* late in the 17th century, in which there is a page or two about echoes and Oxfordshire echoes) were more frankly interested in anathoths, their whereabouts, their how and their why than we are. They had been classically educated: they knew that Echo was a nymph of respectably divine lineage, worthy of an educated man's respect. Also the nymph's performances are rather fun, as all of us know, at any rate.

Gilbert White in his piece on echoes made a few sensible and characteristic observations. He quoted Ovid and Lucretius on echoes. He remarked that echoes abounded in a district so diversified as Selborne, so full of hollow vales and hanging woods; though it was a long while before he and his friends could find that *ne plus ultra* of echoes—one which is polysyllabic.

At last a young man of his acquaintance discovered such a local echo one evening, believing himself mocked (it was so perfect) by some small boy; and Gilbert White and his friends talked Virgil to it, found it would return ten quick syllables from a line of dactyls, but only four or five syllables of a line "in slow, heavy, embarrassed spondees." An admirable, 18th-century, neo-classical thing to do, altogether in keeping with classical porticos and garden temples, and all that COUNTRY LIFE illustrates of 18th-century mansions—to go out and talk to echoes in Latin verse.

Gilbert White gives, if you are curious, instructions to a gentleman of fortune for building or making or contriving an echo, with a seat at the *centrum phonicum*, from which that gentleman of fortune and his friends may "amuse themselves sometimes of an evening with the prattle of this loquacious nymph; of whose complacency and decent reserve more may be said than can with truth of every individual of her sex" (I should recall that Gilbert White was a bachelor) since Echo speaks only when spoken to.

Woods and coverts, White also found, tangle and embarrass the voice and weaken the rebound, which comes best off buildings and naked rocks. The echo is deadened and clogged by "a dull, heavy, moist air," and is spoilt equally by a hot sunshine which makes the air "thin and weak, and deprives it of all its springiness." White favoured, or rather he says that Echo favoured, a still, clear, dewy evening, when the air "is most elastic." Perhaps the later the hour, the better.

Before leaving Gilbert White, let me add that he refutes Virgil on anathoths being bad places for bees, since bees are hurt by echoes; that he says nothing is more entertaining than pauses in echoes "when they cease and yet are taken up again, like the pauses in music," surprising the hearers and having a "fine effect on the imagination"; that he commends echoes scientifically as well as imaginatively, since they are a phenomenon that even the gravest man may attend to without shame.

I read my Gilbert White with attention. I determined to plot all my local anathoths on the 2½-inch map; which I have done, so far as I know them, though I am baulked in so far as I can find no echo round me which is remotely polysyllabic. I looked up John Aubrey on Wiltshire echoes; and found that he was baulked as well. He knew no polysyllabic echoes, mentioning little more than a rather sullen monosyllabic echo in his garden at Broad Chalke, and a monosyllabic echo inside Salisbury Cathedral.

THE KONIGSEE, NEAR BERCHTESGADEN, BAVARIA, THE SCENE OF ONE OF THE MOST CELEBRATED ECHOES IN EUROPE

Soon after my discovery of Gilbert White upon anathoths I was lucky, all the same, because on a very wet day, unexpectedly, at least expecting nothing of the kind, I was taken to one of the most celebrated anathoths of Europe. As I say, it poured and poured. Musicians in leather breeches played and played to cheer up a Bavarian holiday crowd, who couldn't go out on the romantic waters of the Königsee because the pleasure boats refused to run.

By luck, when the rain cleared off the mountains, I winkled aboard one of the few boats of the evening. The mountains were black, and silver in the black with frequent unseasonable waterfalls. The water narrowed and was quite smooth. The boat slowed down, scarcely breaking the mirror—and the bugler took out his bugle. Had I read my guidebook, I should have known it was the moment everyone came for, everyone on board was then waiting for.

The bugle spoke: Echo replied. The bugle was high, long, low, sad, thrilling: Echo

Bord Failte Eireann

THE BUGLER BLOWING IN THE GAP OF DUNLOE, KILLARNEY. "I have never heard the bugle blown at the anathoth between the lakes, and all the wild glens of Ireland replying"

thrillingly replied. And thrilling is the word. I do not think I have heard sound—natural sound (though that begs the question, since it was natural reflection of artificial sound)—of such thrilling, unearthly, altogether marvellous quality.

Killarney, you will interject. Killarney does it as well as Bavaria's Königsee. You are right I am sure; I have never been rowed out by fishermen on Killarney, I have never (though I think it would be worth going all the way to Ireland for it) heard the bugle blown at the anathoth between the lakes, and all the wild glens of Ireland replying.

You recognise the quotation in the last few words? Tennyson? *Blow bugle, blow, and answer echoes, dying, dying?* And *set the wild echoes flying?* And *horns of Elfland faintly blowing?*

Yes, Tennyson, before he wrote that famous and wonderful poem, was at Killarney. He went to Ireland in 1848, he travelled down to Valencia Island, to see the Atlantic beating enormous waves on the cliffs, and he was rowed on Killarney, and the bugle was blown.

The point is not the bugle, but the reply. That was my experience in the vast narrow solemnity of the Königsee—the reply and its strange, aloof, altogether different quality. I do not know if Benjamin Britten, when he set *Blow, Bugle, Blow* (in his *Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings*) had ever heard the bugle echo—the nymph performing at her most divine—either across Königsee or across Killarney; but his horn and dying falls have the extra, added, or transformed quality I am talking about.

As a matter of fact it was in Ireland, in another part of Ireland, and with a decidedly romantic poet that I heard my own best polysyllabic echo. I won't say it was quite up to Königsee (or Killarney), and I hadn't a bugle, and if I had had one, I couldn't have blown it. But it was hair-raising.

I was in Donegal, some time before the last war, with Dylan Thomas. We were staying—yes, in a glen—out on the west coast, with an Irish farmer, miles off the road. One way the glen opened to the sea, the other way it rose to a lake and a circle of mountains. A savage place, made the more eerie at times by a thin spire of smoke from a potheen distillers' fire.

We went up one evening to catch supper out of the lake, and somehow, in the intervals of throwing out a fly to trout who were not interested, we discovered the echo. We did not try it with Virgil or lines of dactyls and spondees; but we did try it with sentences we made up there and then. Across the black water and up at the mountains, in this Irish anathoth, we shouted—only four syllables, I admit—"We are the dead!"

It was not only that the echoes returned those four syllables perfectly: it returned them in series, it was a multiple, polysyllabic echo—an echo of echoes. "We are the dead!" came from the rather cracked bugle of our throats; and the replies began, over to the left, seeming to rebound from left to right around the mountains, around the lake, dying away, to the fourth (so far as I remember) or the fifth rebound, to a faint and final and extraordinary hair-raising intimation that there were dead also in the mountains.

We stayed shouting till it was nearly dark, frightening ourselves with this panic of our own making, having afterwards quite a job to get home in the dark, to clamber down and back to the farm-house.

Of course there are internal echoes, architectural echoes. There is St. Paul's. There is the baptistry in Pisa, where the guide intones to visitors made slightly muttonish by his performance. I am told that in King's College Chapel conductor and choir have to pause to prevent the interference of a healthy mediaeval echo.

But these architectural echoes do not count. I shall call them rebounds and not echoes, which need the living earth; remembering that Echo, mistress of Pan, retired when she was slighted by Narcissus, to the grottos and hollow places of the mountains; where "she pined away till she had nothing left her but a voice."

THE ENTRANCE TO THE WHISPERING GALLERY BEHIND THE GREAT EAST WINDOW IN GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL

A NEW WAY OF MAKING LAWNS

By A. G. L. HELLYER

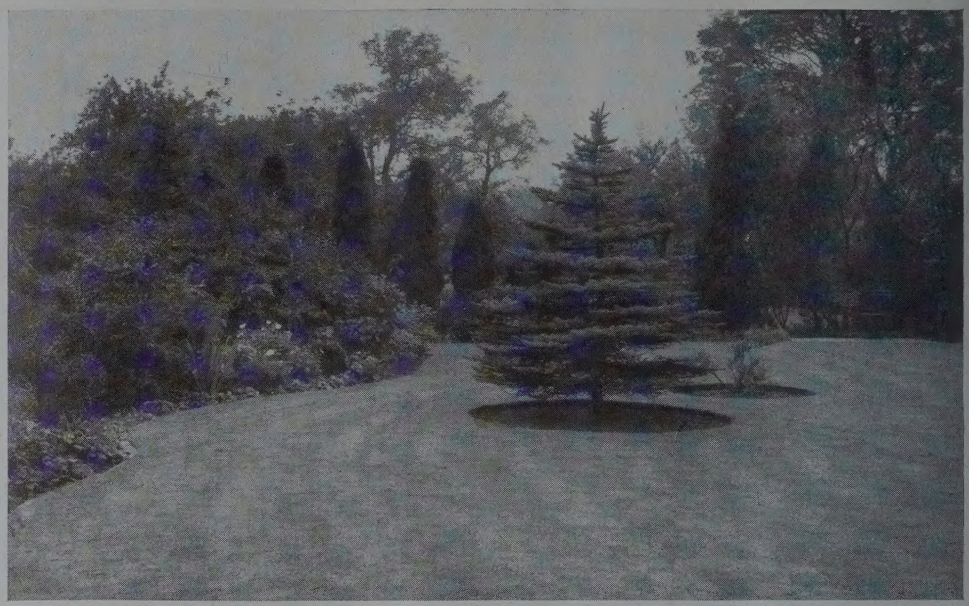
HERE and there, during the past year, lawns have been made in England by a method claimed to be new in this country. In place of seed or turf quite small pieces of a creeping species of grass have been planted at regular foot-square intervals. Within a matter of a few weeks the individual tufts have taken root and sent out stolons or overground stems, themselves able to root at every joint, and so begun the knitting together of a close and fine-textured lawn. Two or three months from the time of planting the carpet of grass has become so dense and interwoven that all trace of its unconventional origin has vanished, its two most noteworthy features being its even quality and unusually fine colour. Only a closer inspection will reveal certain distinctive and highly characteristic features, such as the mass of fine surface roots beneath the blades and the fact that, if the soil is moist, the turf can be rolled back like a carpet.

The story really starts in Italy a quarter of a century ago when a Signor Longhi, partner in a nursery firm of that name at Monza near Milan, discovered a creeping, stoloniferous grass on the banks of the River Po which appeared to have all the properties required in a fine lawn grass. Captain Neil McEacharn has given all the important facts in his book *The Villa Taranto*. This grass, he says, has a magnificent texture and is easy to establish. Its root system is unusually shallow so that the turves are light and easily moved about like a roll of carpet. Once a complete mat has been formed the grass plants cease to produce runners and the individual blades of grass become thinner and finer.

After the war Captain McEacharn used this grass extensively in lawn-making in his own famous garden at Pallanza on the shores of Lake Maggiore. It was there I first saw it in 1952. I was impressed by the quality of the turf and the manner in which it stood the hot Italian summers, but it did not then occur to me that it might prove equally valuable in more equable climates such as our own.

From the Villa Taranto this grass, which was then said to be a form of *Agrostis canina*, was distributed to many parts of the world, and I believe that this is how it first reached America. It has, in any case, been greatly used there for lawn-making and was sent from America to Sweden, from which country it has at last arrived in Britain on a commercial basis.

But that "at last" requires some qualification. The precise botanical status of this grass is still in doubt. At the time that *The Villa Taranto* was being prepared for press, specimens of the grass were sent to Kew to check the name by which it was known in Italy. Answer came back that the grass was not *Agrostis canina* but *A. stolonifera var. stolonifera*. If this is correct the grass has not just arrived in Britain because it has always been indigenous to it. *Agrostis stolonifera* is a weed in my own garden in Sussex, and a troublesome one at that because it will root itself firmly into the centre of plants from which it constantly puts out its runners in all directions.



A LAWN MADE BY PLANTING TUFTS OF A FINE-LEAVED, STOLONIFEROUS GRASS NEW TO THIS COUNTRY. It was planted in April and by mid-summer had made an excellent sward

Personally I do not think that the Italian grass is the same as the wild British agrostis. I have for some weeks had both growing side by side and the Italian grass is far finer in every respect. It has smaller, narrower leaves, more slender stolons and a softer feel when passed through the hand. Moreover, I am told that it is almost completely sterile, so that it cannot be increased by seed. This is certainly not true of the British species.

For the moment, however, the botanists must be left to decide on the name of this plant. What is of more importance to the gardener is its claim to be considered a better, or even a good, lawn grass. The great advantage claimed in Italy and America—that it withstands heat and drought better than other grasses—is of little advantage in Britain. The fineness and even composition of the turf are certainly important points in its favour and so is its excellent colour, but they are partly offset by the dislike of this grass for very close mowing, which exposes the surface roots. It can be cut to within perhaps an inch of the soil, but no more. That makes it quite unsuitable for any kind of sports use, but it is not necessarily a drawback for a purely ornamental lawn. It makes a deep, velvety pile very pleasant to walk on, though showing footmarks more than a shorter and harder sward would do. On the credit side, too, must be reckoned the fact that it needs mowing less frequently than some of the more conventional lawn grasses.

But I think the most important point in its favour is that lawns can be made with it without the very elaborate soil preparation needed for seed. The tufts of grass can be planted with a trowel or, even more quickly, by scuffling a depression with the heel of the boot, laying the grass across this and then using the toe of the boot to return the soil, leaving a wisp of grass sticking out on either side.

Moreover, coverage is quick and weeds meet much stronger competition than from seedling grass. Only the strongest and most

PULLING APART CLUMPS OF THE STOLONIFEROUS GRASS TO OBTAIN SUITABLE TUFTS OR WISPS FOR PLANTING. (*Middle and right*) THE QUICKEST WAY TO PLANT THE GRASS: scrape a shallow depression with the heel, lay a wisp of the grass across this and then push the soil back, leaving some grass sticking out on either side

persistent survive and they can be dealt with individually or by means of a selective weed-killer. The lawn illustrated (it is at Spalding in Lincolnshire) was not planted until late April and was already fully covered and in use by July—and that in spite of six weeks unusually dry weather in May and June which seriously checked its initial growth. Given more favourable conditions a much quicker coverage would undoubtedly be obtained. Captain McEacharn gives two months as the time taken in Italy to form a dense mat of fine turf, vividly green and not varying during the hottest weather.

And now to clear away a few misconceptions. This grass does not creep underground like couch and cannot escape from lawn to border if the verges are regularly clipped. No trouble of this kind has been encountered at the Villa Taranto; nor have I heard of such trouble anywhere else. But, of course, if verges are left rough and uncut the grass will resume its normal habit of spreading by means of overground stolons.

It is not a coarse grass, nor does it retain a tufted or lumpy habit once it is well grown together. All central rooting points disappear, giving place to a perfectly even carpet of fine green leaves covering an equally dense and even mass of fine white rootlets. It would be impossible to tell where one plant began and another ended. It is not true that the grass is suitable for only hot, dry places. It was first found on the banks of the River Po and will, I believe, grow just as well in damp or cool places as in the reverse conditions.

THE APPEARANCE OF THE TURF WHEN FULLY GROWN. **All trace of the original tufts has disappeared, the stolons have knitted themselves together to form a dense carpet of growth, and the whole is so shallow rooted that it can easily be rolled back**

At present it is, at least commercially, a novelty in this country and as such, rather expensive. Enough to cover a lawn of about 10 square yards costs £1. Good grass seed for the same area would cost, perhaps, 7s. 6d., but to this must be added the extra cost of preparing a fine seed bed and eliminating all weeds. Nor must it be overlooked that once purchased this grass can be propagated at will. All that is necessary is to lift a few turves and pull them apart by hand into wisp-like tufts for replanting.

At present spring and autumn are being recommended as the seasons at which this grass should be planted, but I believe that only adverse weather need stop planting at any season. Given moisture and a little warmth it is soon growing again.

I planted a small lawn in my Sussex garden in mid-October, and it is already beginning to spread nicely, though I quite expect a rather slow coverage as the soil gets wetter and colder.

To sum up, my verdict is that this is a grass worth trying. It has unique and interesting qualities which may make it quite as useful for certain purposes in this country as it has already proved to be in others. At the very least it provides a quick, easy and reliable method of making a lawn.

POLO IN THE ARMY OF THE RHINE

By J. L. JORDAN

THE 1957 season turned over a new page in the story of polo in Germany. Ever since polo was started, soon after the end of the war, players had relied almost entirely on ponies which had been taken over from the German Army and were owned by the club. These had given us gallant service and enormous fun, but, although their hearts were as good as ever, their legs were beginning to feel the strain. A fresh influx of new ponies was imperative.

The polo committee, whose chairman is Brigadier Llewellen Palmer, decided that the best way to achieve this object was to make it a condition for entry into the inter-regimental contest that every team should own five ponies of their own. This move was successful and a number of good ponies were imported from England and Ireland. The entries for the tournament—the major one in Germany—were not reduced.

The season has been eminently successful, with four clubs playing. The main club at Bad Lippspringe had seventy-five members and at the height of the season there were sixty-five private and club ponies in the stable. The inter-regimental contest was again won by the 17th/21st Lancers, who had collected a more than useful string of private ponies and had a good tactical plan. Lt.-Col. Coaker—their C.O.—was playing better than ever and controlled his team quietly and effectively. The other entries were 1st R.H.A., 1st Royals, 3rd Hussars, 9th Lancers, 12th Lancers and 14th/20th Hussars.

This year the captains and subalterns tournament was revived, and it drew the same entry, less the Royals, as the inter-regimental. The 17th/21st Lancers won this, but not without some qualms to their supporters. The 1st R.H.A. ran them close in an extremely exciting match and were beaten only in the last minute: a very creditable performance on the part of the Horse Gunners against a better mounted side. The spring low handicap tournament was also won by a 17th/21st side. At last, in the autumn low handicap tournament, the 20th Armoured Brigade, led by their Brigadier, defeated a 17th/21st side in the final and so prevented them from scooping the whole pool.

It was a thoroughly interesting season. The ties in the inter-regimental did not produce quite such exciting matches as last year, but the captains and subalterns contest more than justified its resurrection; there were some very hard ridden ties.

The 17th/21st Lancers are to be congratulated on a very successful season. Success was well deserved, for it resulted from much practice and trouble. Mention must also be made of some of the more promising younger players. The Horse Gunners have in Kelly a vastly improved player. Moore and Jones, who have not played a great deal, look as though they will make useful players. The 3rd Hussars have Sherwin, who played well for the B.A.O.R. colts team, and Bullen and Ritson, both of whom hit the ball well and really gallop.

The Inniskilling Dragoons, who arrived only just before the start of the season, have Keightly, a good striker, Ansell and Welch. They are very keen and it is hoped will be able to produce a team for next year's inter-regimental. Motion, of the 9th Lancers, has come on a lot, and led a useful colts side that went to England. His handicap has deservedly been raised to 2. Rayner is a useful newcomer with an excellent eye, and with improved horsemanship he should do well. The regiment missed Thompson-Glover, who, early on, had a bad spill which finished his polo for the year.

The 17th/21st Lancers have numerous young players. Walford did not quite fulfil the promise of last year, principally owing to an injured right wrist, but he has plenty of time and is well mounted. Douglas-Nugent goes fast and hits hard, but is not always well positioned. Berryman, Bateman and Hornby all show great promise. Baxter and Fenwick are two to note in the 14th/20th Hussars. The former had a rather disappointing season, but with a little more ginger in his play he will come again. Fenwick was produced as a springer late in the season by 20th Armoured Brigade. He is a nice light-weight horseman who gallops and has a good games sense.

THE TEAM OF THE 17th/21st LANCERS THAT WON THE CAPTAINS AND SUBALTERNS POLO TOURNAMENT OF THE BRITISH ARMY OF THE RHINE. (*Left to right*) CAPT. A. DACRES-DIXON, MR. S. WALFORD, CAPT. A. DOUGLAS-NUGENT AND CAPT. A. BERRYMAN

A HOUSE TO REMEMBER

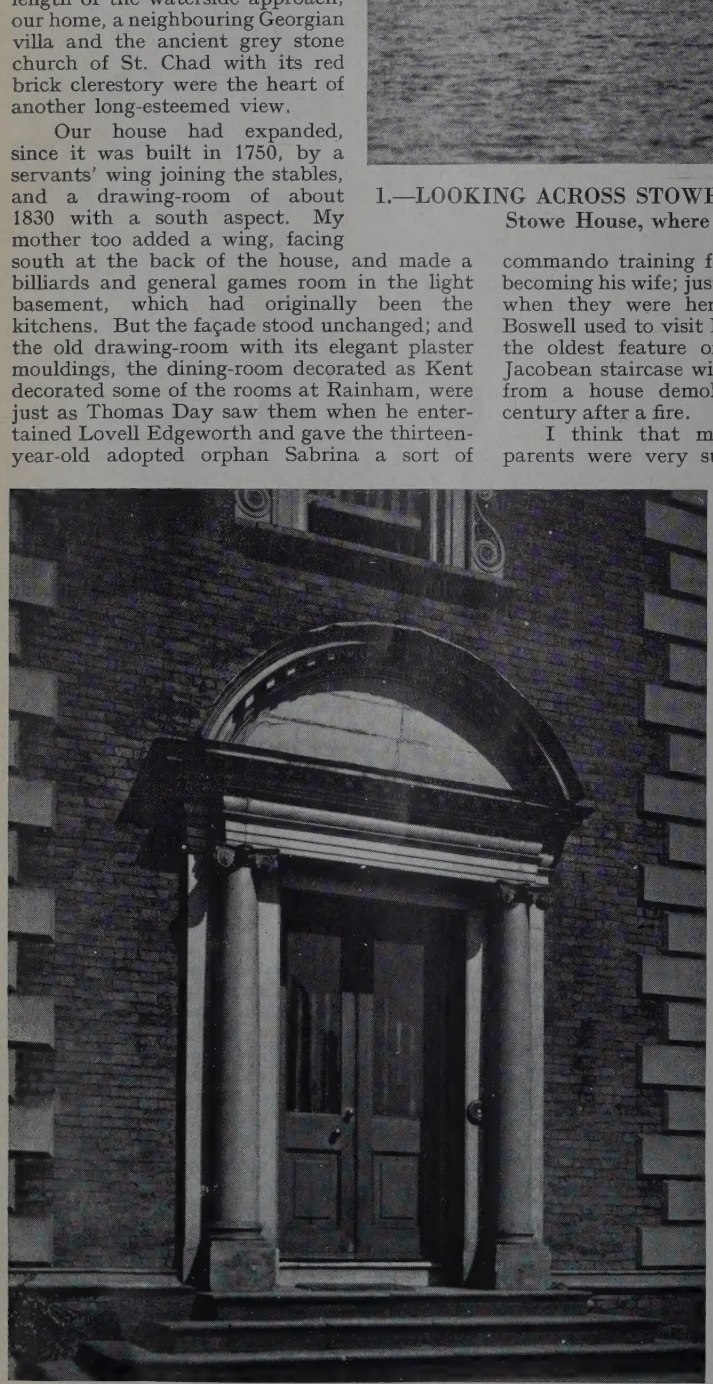
By THEODORA BENSON

STOWE HOUSE, at Lichfield, where my sister and I were born, belonged to my grandmother, who acquired it in 1902; but it was always a family house, shared with my parents when they were not in London, and much of our childhood and youth was spent there. My grandmother was first attracted to it by its literary associations, and fell in love at sight with its charm, its garden and its view. The red brick front, with white facings and steps up to the front door, looked west across a lawn with cedars, a border of flowering shrubs, an expanse of water, to the three spires of Lichfield Cathedral, upon which it was exactly centred. Sunsets behind that lively fabric, reflected in Stowe Pool, were violently romantic. From eastern windows in the Close and the length of the waterside approach, our home, a neighbouring Georgian villa and the ancient grey stone church of St. Chad with its red brick clerestory were the heart of another long-esteemed view.

1.—LOOKING ACROSS STOWE POOL TO ST. CHAD'S CHURCH, LICHFIELD, STAFFORDSHIR
Stowe House, where the author was born and spent her childhood, is on the right

Our house had expanded, since it was built in 1750, by a servants' wing joining the stables, and a drawing-room of about 1830 with a south aspect. My mother too added a wing, facing south at the back of the house, and made a billiards and general games room in the light basement, which had originally been the kitchens. But the façade stood unchanged; and the old drawing-room with its elegant plaster mouldings, the dining-room decorated as Kent decorated some of the rooms at Rainham, were just as Thomas Day saw them when he entertained Lovell Edgeworth and gave the thirteen-year-old adopted orphan Sabrina a sort of commando training for the rigours of possibly becoming his wife; just as Mrs. Gastrel saw them when they were hers and Dr. Johnson and Boswell used to visit her. But they did not see the oldest feature of the house, a beautiful Jacobean staircase with ribbon inlay, imported from a house demolished in the early 19th century after a fire.

I think that my grandmother and my parents were very suitable people to have a house with such associations. Among my father's considerably older brothers, Uncle Willie Benson was a partner of William Morris and Uncle Frank was an actor-manager whose service to Shakespeare made him an appropriate visitor to Garrick's home city. I have separately heard from Aunt Margaret and Aunt-in-law Consie that each was the sole model for all the girls on Burne-Jones's *Golden Stair*.



2.—THE FRONT DOOR OF STOWE HOUSE

My father, the first Baron Charnwood, was a scholarly man; and in recent times American reviews of books on Abraham Lincoln, written since fresh material became available, have still referred with respect to his biography of the President — written at Stowe House during the first World War.

My grandmother, a talented and endearing woman, was Mrs. Roby Thorpe, widow of a Nottingham solicitor; Browning, Andrew Lang, Mrs. Ewing, Randolph Caldecott and Jean Ingelow were among her greatest friends. She was the daughter of a minister in a Gladstone cabin Anthony John Mundella. He was a pioneer factory reform and protection of women a children in industry; the son of an Italian refug from conscription in the hated Austrian arm he himself went to work at ten years old.

My great-aunt Mary Theresa Mundella a my Mundella great-grand-aunt were freque visitors when I was small; and the former long after. We children were taught to addr them as Pansy and Nitty. These may not sou respectful names but nevertheless we were; would have been thought the grossest imper nence had we called Pansy, as did our elde Penny. She was of formidable spirit, a painted a plethora of moderate water-colours the garden.

The garden, so beautiful to adults with superb double herbaceous border, its rose be and lawns, its magnolias, its perfect pergola apple trees and pear trees, was the best gard in the world for children. It was laid out different levels, and well provided with observ tion posts, with escape routes of plunging pat among rhododendron and mollis azalea, a with such hiding-places as the upper branch of the largest cut-leaf beech in England, its gre bell tent a green shade for thoughts that we green indeed.

I was hiding in the hay-loft and but a f years old when the coachman called me down see a curious scene between our pair of carria horses. Nigger had previously taken to eati his straw carpet in preference to hay, so h been furnished instead with peat to stand Auster in the next stall, who did not rega straw as edible, understood his friend so w that he was passing him mouthfuls of his o bedding over the dividing wall.

The nicest horse we ever had was mother's big bay hack, Denbigh. My sis schooled him over jumps and made a go hunter of him. In old age he became extreme confidential. When carrying me to hounds would stop in mid gallop each time I came loo in the saddle, resuming with ardour the insta he felt me secure; and, though he delighted jump, he judged it better to break through su gaps in hedges as I found. He was very affe tionate, and loved to be petted and to lick on hand repeatedly like a dog.

My parents and my grandmother were fond of animals as we were; no dog could ev much disgrace itself. Another shared enjoyme

was that my parents read aloud well and liked it, so we children listened spellbound to many classics of fiction, my sister sewing sanely and I crocheting walruses or making brownies out of old kid gloves. When progress was interrupted by friends of the grown-ups coming to stay, these visitors were often a pleasure to us too.

Some who interested me later I do not really remember. When I was three came a lady named Catherine Emmeline Gibbons, the grand-niece of the novelist Maria Edgeworth, whose stories for children I was presently to enjoy. She was, of course, great-grand-daughter to that lively and ingenious Richard Lovell Edgeworth who, in our house, persuaded Thomas Day that it was right to send Sabrina, the orphan he had undertaken to provide for, to school at fourteen, and was himself persuaded that as a married man he must not court that Lichfield charmer Honora Sneyd. To prove his honour, he brought his three children and his discouragingly cheerless (but not long-lived) wife to be guests of Day at Stowe House, and championed his friend's own courtship of Honora. Day, already rejected by Edgeworth's sister, was refused first by Honora and then by her sister Elizabeth, both of whom in turn became happily married to Edgeworth. A fourth marriage was happy too; his three widowerhoods totalled seventeen months. The two friends were always solicitous for discarded Sabrina's welfare; and she did marry. At the seventh attempt (no longer at Stowe) so did Day; a perfect creature whose devotion embraced every sacrifice demanded by his eccentric righteousness.

Perhaps Edgeworth's great-grand-daughter came in memory of the ancestral entanglements; perhaps by coincidence. It was certainly by coincidence that my mother placed in Mrs. Francis Gastrel's drawing-room a carved box of dark wood, inherited with other family objects. It was discovered to have its story pasted beneath. Two lines of print said: "Tea caddie from the wood of Shakespeare's mulberry tree." A faded ink inscription in an old hand recorded: "In 1756 Shakespeare's mulberry tree was cut down by order of the Rev. Francis Gastrel, Vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire, the then owner. The wood was afterwards purchased by Mr. Thos. Sharp, of Stratford, who, well knowing what value the world had set upon it, turned it much to his advantage by converting it into small boxes."

I have but a dim memory of Anstey Guthrie, whose *Vice Versa* and *Voces Populi* I read much later; and also of H. H. Munro, for I was but five and had never heard of him as Saki. He was a great friend of my mother's, and very fond of her. He came to see her at Stowe for a week-end in 1914, and wrote to her from the war until he was killed.

Various Oxford dignitaries, such as the Master of Balliol and Warden Pember of All Souls, were regular visitors; of these, Professor W. P. Ker seems to be the most remembered now. My sister and I always gave a dolls' feast for the Dons. Nobody ever knew why.

Edmund Gosse, for his liveliness and wit, was a great favourite with all of us. He and my mother were associated on a committee for the sale of autographs for the Red Cross, which brought him first to Stowe for a ten-day visit in 1918; they were both collectors, and a spontaneous conversation in Dickens quotations proved them made to be friends. He owned a dignified cat named Caruso; when we warned him not to stroke our wild black cat Johnson, who bit strangers, he insisted that all cats loved him, and pat on the cue Johnson bit him hard. The spirited author ran for an umbrella and chased him. He chased him every time they met in the garden, and the cat circled him mewing derisively.

It was typical of us youngsters that we had named our pet not for Dr. Samuel but for Jack Johnson, a Negro boxer famous in his kitten-hood and ours; this cat died at eighteen, very loving latterly, but biting visitors to the last. Just because we lived at Dr. Johnson's native city and our parents entertained distinguished speakers for the Birthday Celebrations, we had a kind of sales resistance to learning much about him. Even though the speakers were often particular friends, and made excellent speeches which we could not but enjoy, we never remembered a word afterwards.

Dr. R. W. Chapman, of the Oxford University Press, and Mr. S. C. Roberts, of the Cambridge University Press, shone at these functions and often stayed with us for them. I think Alfred Noyes made the chief speech one year, but what I remember is how beautifully he read poetry aloud. We had an acting game called Nebuchadnezzar, with all the scenes in dumb-show, and as a compliment we acted a poem by Noyes, *The Highwayman*. Our rendering was spirited but failed to please, for we had cast a friend with a short bob as Bess, the landlord's daughter with that dark, Rapunzel cascade of hair.

Anthony Hope Hawkins must also have done his duty by Dr. Johnson, but I recall only the enjoyment of discussing his work with him. I think he was really pleased that I knew so many of his books besides *The Prisoner of Zenda;* his own favourite was *The King's Mirror*. When Betty Askwith and I published a youthful novel in collaboration he wrote to each of us with extraordinary kindness.

3.—THE MAIN FRONT OF STOWE HOUSE, WHICH WAS BUILT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 18th CENTURY

I was prepared to favour Rudyard Kipling, too, with a talk on his best work—poetry, verse and prose; but my one chance in his brief visit was commandeered by the dog. He said, fondling the eager ears: "Man came into a carnivorous world, with all *that* stands for; yet there was *this* extraordinary and different love in it."

We did our chores outside and in, read many books, tended and exercised animals, smashed our cars, played games and talked nonsense with our friends and danced with them by gaslight to our old horned gramophone, looking forward to much and foreseeing nothing.

Electricity, that bane of ghosts, has replaced our gaslight and oil lamps and candles. But the same Georgian front looks west to the Cathedral over the water; the face of a house that is not haunted but haunting.

Illustrations: 1, *Edgar Bates;* 2 *and* 3, *National Buildings Record.*

INTRODUCTION TO SAFARI

Written and Illustrated by SACHA CARNEGIE

THE object of the expedition was to get a buffalo. We left in the early morning, soon after sunrise, when the dew is still heavy on the grass and there is a chill in the air at five thousand feet: Kalaka the African hunter, seven carriers and I. We went on cycles for twenty-five miles through the bush, down some two thousand feet into the valley on the fringe of the Loangwa Game Reserve; careering wildly over the twisting, iron paths; through the Northern Rhodesian bush of close-growing scrubby trees, across small swampy streams and through stretches of tall yellow grass where there is no shade. Up steep rocky hills and down the other side; on and on, with an occasional pause in some village to pass the time of day and eat peanuts or sweet potatoes.

Next morning we continued on our way for another ten or twelve miles, dismounted most of the time, pushing our machines over impossible ruts and rocks, till we reached the bank of a brown sluggish stream humming with insects, where we made camp. The natives shinned up the tall slender trees to hack off the upper branches for the stockade, handling their little axes with immense skill. I sat idle in the welcome shade and watched a chittering honey bird as it vainly tried to lead us to a bees' nest. They eat the grubs, and if no one will follow to take the honey they become almost hysterical with frustration and rage.

I had not seen many birds on the way out. I had not been able to spare much attention for them, but I had seen doves, a red-beaked Bateleur eagle soaring above a harsh stony hill, a selection of shrikes and flycatchers, an oriole and a harrier.

OLD BULL ELEPHANT SHOT BY THE AUTHOR ON SAFARI IN NORTHERN RHODESIA.
The tusks helped towards paying for the expedition and the natives ate the meat

In the late afternoon we reached our first camp in fairly open bush. While the seven made camp, I went with Kalaka to search for the sable antelope we had seen from the path. He picked up the spoor immediately and we followed what were to me invisible tracks; a leaf here, a twig, a length of bent grass, a faint indentation in the hard dusty ground. He moved silently and I tried to follow.

He saw the herd long before I did, each animal cut into narrow, unrecognisable strips by the tree trunks. I saw the white blaze down the nose of a cow and raised the rifle as they turned to run. We followed fast and found them again on a slope standing in thick undergrowth. It was evening and the light was poor. I caught a glimpse of a big black bull, head and shoulders and top of his back, at about 80 yds.

The bullet went high, whipping away among the distant trees. When the grass is long and the cover thick you do not get much more than snap-shooting chances, when standing up.

Back in camp I found a little stockade of cut branches open to the sky and with the narrow entrance facing the fire. At night it is very cold and four blankets were not too many, on top of thick trousers and jerseys. Lying, looking up at the unbelievable clearness of the night sky, listening to the chatter from round the great fire and seeing the play of the flame-light among the upper branches of the big acacia, I felt that this was indeed Africa.

There was a small river not far away winding across an open valley where buffalo lived, or were supposed to live.

Along the river the ground was soft and swampy and the vegetation thicker, more tropical. Tracks led in every direction through the reeds and swamp grass; tracks of buffalo, of waterbuck, of bushpig and warthog. The buffalo spoor was old—one day, two days—and was nothing worth following.

We climbed to the top of tall ant-hills to spy, but all we could see was a broad expanse of ten-foot grass which might be hiding hundreds of buffalo. June is too early in the season for successful hunting; there is too much cover still and too much water, and the game is not concentrated.

A warthog rushed out of sight, tail straight up, going at great speed; we found an antbear's burrow where a lion had been digging, like a terrier after a rabbit; we saw one or two duiker, those miniature deer about two feet high.

Then on the way back Kalaka stopped and pointed at the ground, at the large imprint of an elephant's foot and a pile of fresh dung.

"To-day. Perhaps this morning." I was carrying only the .303. Inadequate, I thought, though elephants have often been killed with a rifle of that calibre. There were ragged scars on the trees very far up where he had amused himself with his tusks.

"Very big one." This was better than rabbits.

For two hours we stepped cautiously in his tracks. He was alone. An outcast, perhaps, following some days behind the herd.

The colour began to fade from the trees and the grass as the sun sank towards the western ridge and soon it was too dark to shoot and we gave up the chase, returning to camp empty-handed and very weary.

That night a lion circled the camp grunting and above us on the ridge hyenas uttered their eerie yelping howls.

"To-morrow there may be buffalo," said Kalaka. "He follows buffalo, I think." He nodded towards the sound of the lion. "Hoping to cut out a calf from the edges of the herd."

The fire was kept well stoked and the chatter never ceased, for it has been known for a lion to drag a sleeping man from the shadows beyond the fire-light or even for a hyena to run in and slash at a defenceless face. So they crouched, blankets round their shoulders, and talked and laughed and threw big logs into the flames so that the sparks shot far into the darkness.

From dawn till dusk of the next day we hunted for those elusive buffalo, walking in the full eye of the molten sun through endless tall grass where there was no scrap of shade. I drank ravenously from every grey, soapy river and the sweat poured off a body which by midday was like a piece of dehydrated string. But at mid-day we had a welcome pause when I shot two impala, very beautiful deer, too beautiful to shoot, but we needed meat. While they were skinned and hung from a branch to preserve them from ants and scavengers, I was able to relax in the tepid shade of a thorn tree and suck an orange.

The afternoon was purgatory. The heat was concentrated as though through a burning-glass down on the glaring yellow grass.

The mud splashes we came upon had been quite recently used and tracks led away towards thick bush covering the side of a steep hill. In the thickest part of the grass one of the carriers, an old man with a dirty white skullcap and strips of tyre on his feet, found very new dung. It was an uncomfortable feeling hemmed in by that dense head-high grass wondering if about a ton of buffalo was standing close, watching and waiting. I remembered all the many stories I had been told of the savagery and cunning of the animals; of how they would sometimes wait concealed and then spring forward to pulverise the intruder with their armour-plated heads. All our movements appeared to be excessively noisy, the barrel of the rifle was slippery and I felt the almost physical weight of the heat pressing on my shoulders. I was happier when we were out in the open again.

Till the first coolness of evening we searched the river valley but saw no buffalo, having walked, I suppose, close on twenty miles. I thought wistfully of luxury safaris with wheels and refrigerators and all amenities as I blundered behind a wavery torch-beam to the stream for a muddy wash.

Foolishly I went through a patch of razor grass, cutting my naked legs in many places and learning another lesson. Still, there was meat that night and the lion came closer to investigate the succulent smells, trailed as always by the hopeful hyena. Mosquitoes whined angrily at the net, questing for blood; the booming of

the big apes was very loud during any short lull in the fireside conversation, and small invisible things moved among the branches behind my head.

Just before dawn there is silence save for the tiny dripping of dew from the leaves and perhaps the sighing of a gentle breeze. The sun rises quickly once it has begun, bursting up from beyond the hills and disperses the mist hanging in the valleys as a flame will melt the snow.

"To-day we try new places," said Kalaka, pulling on the wreckage of his khaki socks. We went on to the ridge, finding the tracks of the hyena quite clear in white sandy soil, along the flat for a mile or so and slowly down into marshy ground where we came upon fresh signs of elephant. Elephant create havoc in the bush, tearing down branches and whole trees, and laying flat areas of devastation. On the ground you see enough dung to manure the whole of Scotland drying and wasting in the sun.

The sap in the torn wood was damp and where the grass had been flattened there was no dew. But an elephant travels at a good four miles an hour, and so you can follow close behind and yet not catch up for a day, three days, or a week.

The mammoth trail led up a slight hill, over the crest and down into a broad valley of bush and *dambos* (open spaces). On the far side a mile away the valley rose into another range of hills. And there through field glasses I saw my first wild elephant. Midget but there, and alive, for I could see the minute trunk curling into the branches of a toy tree.

My stock went up. The white man, red-faced, sweating, clumsy, had seen the elephant with his miraculous glasses.

On the way Kalaka stopped to show me a footprint so enormous, so primaeval that I could hardly believe it possible. He measured across it with a length of grass and held the stalk touching the ground inside his foot; the other end reached to the inside of his knee. He was not a small man.

"Very big, *mkwai*. Oh, very big." It seemed a good moment to take the .470 and load with the two huge cartridges.

The elephant were still where we had seen them. I could hear the sound of tearing branches. But they were not the ones we got up to. Between us ran a broad grey river a good thirty yards across and we got over where the elephants had crossed, wading chest-deep, fighting against the current and slipping badly in the soft sand.

On the far side I climbed with Kalaka to the top of an ant-hill. Above the grass I counted ten grey backs; standing in the shade of a large tree was a group of four. Two babies played in an open patch, butting each other.

"Look!" Looking along the pointing black arm I saw the solitary animal away beyond under a tree.

"He is not the big one but you want to try him?" I nodded, striving to appear calm and nonchalant. He picked up a pinch of sand and let it drift from his finger and thumb, caught by a breeze I could barely feel.

"You have other bullets?"

"Yes." Two in the rifle, two tucked in my belt, two more in my jacket pocket. If I had to fire all those—well, I should more than likely be trampled into a jelly.

"Come!" He went fast, round to the left in a wide flanking movement. Between the ear and the eye, between the ear and the eye, I kept telling myself. If he charges then the chest or the knee. We reached an ant-hill well covered with scrub. He motioned the four carriers to stay at the bottom; he and I advanced carefully to the crest and peered through the foliage.

The elephant stood three-quarters facing us, tearing up bunches of grass and shoving them into his mouth. The range looked to be about eighty yards and I could only just make out the vague position of his eye. The brain target seemed awfully small at that distance.

"Shoulder, *mkwai*. Not spoil the ivory." I got into an adequate position sitting down and slowly brought up the heavy rifle.

The slam of the shot was like a thunderclap. For an instant he stood stock-still, then turned and made off, ears flapping and great feet thudding on the hard ground. I fired again standing up. I heard the strike of the bullet, but he did not pause. Then quite suddenly he stopped in his tracks and slowly fell over.

I ran to the head.

"No, *mkwai*. Not yet!" Kalaka's voice was loud and urgent. A man had been killed by the dying swipe of a trunk. He was an old bull; the tusks were not big and very stained, but they might pay for the carriers and part of the licence.

I sat on the foreleg and spread my soaking clothes to dry on the animal's barrel. Three vultures appeared, wheeling across the amazing blue of the afternoon sky, sure of a meal. There was gaiety, for the carriers were also sure of a meal.

They cut off his tail with the stiff black hairs at the tip, used in the making of bracelets; they grouped themselves on the body to be photographed; they laughed and clapped their hands, and old Shikulu, old grandfather, kept on saying "Good, *mkwai*, good," and shaking me by the hand. Then we left the dead hulk and went back to camp, plunging into the river in clothes only just dry.

He was there next morning, vastly swollen but untouched by bird or beast. Even the eyes were intact, small and brown, buried deep in a mass of leathery wrinkles. The little axes got to work, cutting through the hide in strips and segments, carefully planned. Soon the body was naked and white, the smell all-pervading and very pungent. Sometimes the blade of an axe bit too deep and you could hear the hiss of the escaping gas. Great reeking hunks of meat were cut off the massive bones.

The workers plunged inside and hacked away, up to their knees in blood all through the sweltering day. I went down to the river and sat in the shallows while swallows darted close to my head and a large iguana lizard came out on a rock to watch me, unblinking and still. A wood dove uttered its haunting hollow call and far away I heard the shrill trumpeting of an elephant.

By evening nothing remained but the huge mangled skeleton. Lumps of meat were spitted on sticks and thrust into the hot embers to cook and blacken. How they could eat it after wading in gore all day I did not know. We made a rough camp round the tree where the elephant had stood. In the morning I would have to go back and get the carriers needed to transport the meat. Forty miles. It would be a long day—and very hot.

I wandered across the short grass of the *dambo* till I got out of the smell and then sat to watch the sunset. I watched as the sun balanced on the trees of the steep ridge, as it dropped out of sight, setting the skyline aflame, and as the furnace turned slowly to a deep violet shot with rays of blue and orange. The greens and the yellows of the bush faded to grey and then to a velvet blackness; darkness settled silently over the vast, mysterious and savage wilderness and at once the cold flowed into the air.

The fire glowed red and I could see the huddled figures silhouetted against the leaping flames and beyond, all round, the soft blackness of the African night.

CLOSELY-GROWING TREES IN THE NORTHERN RHODESIAN BUSH. "When the grass is long and the cover thick you do not get much more than snap-shooting chances"

"THE NATIVES SHINNED UP THE TALL SLENDER TREES TO HACK OFF THE UPPER BRANCHES FOR THE STOCKADE"

OLD MILL OF THE WEST COUNTRY

Written and Illustrated by ROBERT M. ROBSON *and* BRENDA M. CROYSDILL

THE village of Upwey lies among the Dorset downs at the foot of the prehistoric fortress of Mai Dun, known nowadays as Maiden Castle. The church is known to have foundations dating back to the time of the Danish Invasion about 870 A.D.; and within the village there is a mill to which local farmers have brought their grain since the time of the Norman Conquest.

Upwey has been a colourful village from the days when George I first visited it, while staying near by at Weymouth, in hope of regaining his health from the medicinal waters of Upwey Wishing Well. Surrounded by his court of corpulent and apoplectic nobles the monarch would take the waters from a gold cup. It is interesting to note that the original cup that was used is the now much-sought-after Ascot Gold Cup. Nowadays holiday-makers throng to the village to see the famous wishing well, drink the waters and make their wish beside the ancient moss-covered masonry where the well bubbles up ice-cold from the ground. Few who visit the well realise that the same spring provides the driving force for the mill, which they have passed *en route*.

The present mill, called Upwey Mills, was rebuilt in Portland stone in 1802 (Fig. 1). It is still driven entirely by water, and must be one of the few remaining water-driven mills which does exactly the same work as it did a hundred and fifty years ago. From the Napoleonic era, when the mill helped to provide victuals for Lord Nelson's victorious fleet, to this day the minimum amount of alteration has been carried out. Yet this does not appear to impede the mill's rate of production: it is still one of the finest mills in Dorset, and its owner can compete on even terms for the local farmers' trade.

The name Upwey Mills does not mean that there is more than one mill, but relates to the number of sets of mill stones in use. There are at present four sets working; at one time there were five in continuous use. The ages of the stones vary and can be anything up to five years, depending on the amount of work done and the texture of the stones. If the stones are dressed with care every six months, they should remain in good condition for a considerable time. The stones come either from the Peak District of Derbyshire or, in the case of the burr-stones, from France; they weigh anything up to half a ton (Fig. 2).

The mill-wheel, which has a diameter of 26 ft., is an overshot wheel and receives its driving power from the spring at the wishing well. The overshot wheel is considered by millers to be a great improvement over the undershot wheel, for, as the names imply, the undershot wheel is driven by the water going underneath it, whereas the water falls over the overshot wheel into bucket-like contraptions, and the weight turns the wheel, thus developing a greater force.

1.—THE MILL AT UPWEY IN DORSET, KNOWN AS UPWEY MILLS. The mill was rebuilt in 1802 and has functioned virtually unchanged till the present day; the mill house beside it is thought to be over three hundred years old

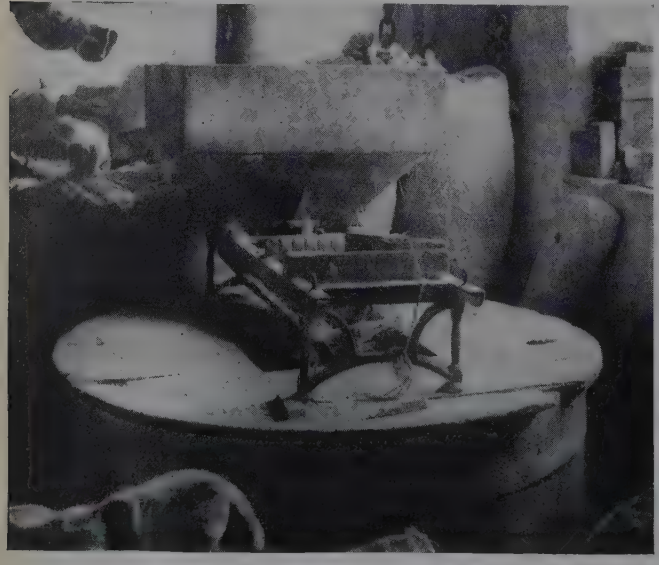
The River Wey is divided some distance above the mill; one branch passes the front of the mill house, and the main stream forms the mill pond behind the mill. The level of the pond must remain constant in order to supply a sufficiently forceful stream of water to drive the wheel, which, in order to function correctly, must develop a steady 30 horse-power. As yet the stream has never been known to fail, even through the most severe drought. When the wheel starts to turn, the main shaft rotates and in turn drives the rest of the machinery, which includes the crusher, the sorter, the grinding stones and finally the hoist.

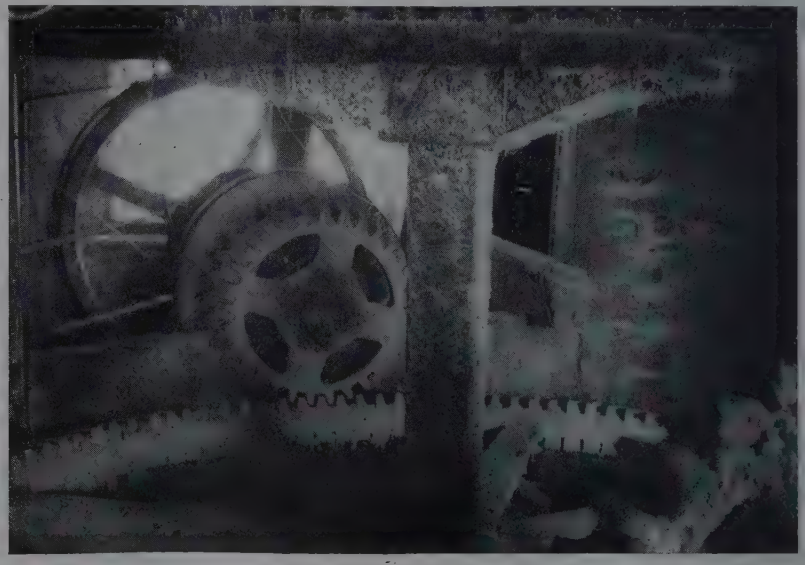
The hoist is the original one installed in 1802. It works throughout four floors and will comfortably take any weight up to 4 cwt. The driving cog wheels around the crown wheel are of iron, and the crown wheel itself has wooden cogs. They work in perfect unison and neither set wears down appreciably over the years (Fig. 3). The advantage of this combination is the silent running of the mill, a factor which will be much appreciated by those who live near noisy mills.

Storage at the mill presents no problems, for there are numerous bins, holding approximately a hundred sacks apiece, as well as a granary on the other side of the road. Recently during repair work on the mill's interior, several well-concealed bins were discovered, which had been secret for nearly a hundred years. It is thought that these were probably used by the owners to hide their possessions in the time of the Napoleonic threat of invasion. Up to three hundred sacks could be secretly stored within these bins.

Attached to the mill is the mill house, which is thought to be over three hundred years old. During this summer workmen repointing the house found many old windows which had been covered in. Although the exterior would suggest that the house was built during the Georgian period, the owners feel that it is considerably older, for there are many suggestions inside of its having been converted.

The mill race at the rear of the mill and the





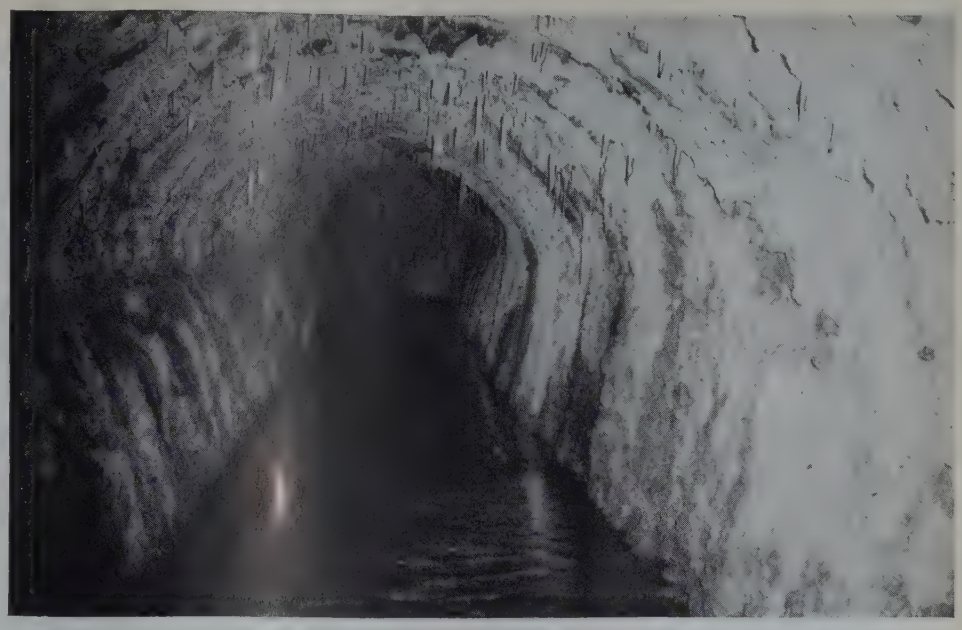
2.—THE GRAIN FEED AND GRINDER. The mill stones in the grinder weigh anything up to half a ton. (*Right*) 3.—SECTION OF THE DRIVING COGS FOR THE MILL MACHINERY. These cogs have been working for over 150 years

river in front of the mill house converge into a large pool at the bottom of the garden. Here also is the outlet of the tunnel that runs underneath the garden and part of the mill. This carries an overflow from the mill pond; its depth is only two to three feet and never exceeds five feet. Stalactites have formed up to sixteen or seventeen inches long, and bats live among them (Fig. 4).

The present firm of owners has worked the mills for nearly a hundred years now; they have another mill at Sutton Poyntz, near Dorchester, not quite so old and large as the fine mill at Upwey.

Little appears to have changed with time in the milling world. The merchant still journeys across the downs bidding for the farmers' corn, as he did in the 17th and 18th centuries. Once bought it is transported to the mill, where it is hoisted up and tipped into the bins, from where it is fed down to the crusher, the mixer or the grinder, according to the end products needed. When processed it is stacked in sacks and delivered to the farms as required.

The modern mill is a large factory, immaculate with its cloak of paint and glass-encased machinery—just another factory among thousands. But the old mill doing exactly the same work, with perhaps less speed, stands with its machinery as a lasting tribute to English craftsmen of earlier days.



4.—TUNNEL CARRYING THE OVERFLOW FROM THE MILL POND. Stalactites hang from the roof and bats live among them

A VINTAGE YEAR

A Golf Commentary by **P. A. WARD-THOMAS**

MEMORABLE golfing years are like good wines: they happen about as frequently. The one which is now drawing to its close will ever be remembered as that in which the Ryder Cup returned to Britain after an absence lasting a quarter of a century.

The importance of the victory is that it has stimulated interest once more in the competition between the two countries just in time. I believe that, had the Americans won easily at Lindrick, as seemed probable after the foursomes, the form of the matches would have been in some danger of being altered. Suggestions have been made in several quarters that the Commonwealth players should become allied to the British for this engagement. Now, with all possible respect to Peter Thomson and Bobby Locke, their presence hardly seems necessary—for the present, at any rate.

However the Americans may choose to explain their defeat, the fact remains that six of them were soundly beaten in the singles. It has been said that the team was by no means the strongest, and it hardly could have been the best available without Hogan, Snead, Middlecoff and possibly one or two others, but with one exception they were all long-tried and proven in the tournament world. And I seem to remember having heard Americans say that they could pick three teams equally as good as one another. On the face of it this now seems an idle boast. Nothing is more certain than that, when the match is played again, at Atlantic City in 1959, the British will meet some pretty resolute opposition. For the first time in history Britain holds two of the three trophies for which the countries compete. The women won a glorious victory in the Curtis Cup at Sandwich last year, and have had a fairly even crack of the whip since the war. All in all, the Americans have had rather a depressing autumn. The Ryder and Canada Cups have been lost, and at present they seem to be a good many strokes behind in another rather more important field.

* * *

The regrettable affair of Weetman has become quite a *cause célèbre* in recent weeks. His action in criticising the captaincy of Rees, as he did during the match, seemed to me unpardonable, but, whatever the rights and wrongs of the case, the time was overdue for the P.G.A. to assert its authority. There have been numerous instances of bad behaviour by leading British professionals at home and, less excusably, abroad. They sometimes appear to forget that the plaudits and the prominence their golf receives, and much of their incomes, depend entirely upon public goodwill. They are not indispensable; the game is infinitely more important than they are, and perhaps the punishment of Weetman will serve to remind them of these things.

Of even more lasting significance than the Ryder Cup was the resurgence of youth during the season and the bright promise it brought to both the amateur and professional fields. Since returning from the United States I have sometimes suspected a note of scepticism in people's voices as they asked whether the Walker Cup team really did as well as its chroniclers claimed. After all, the result was 8-3, however close some of the matches might have been and, on the face of it, defeat is much the same whether the margin be 8 and 7 or one hole. But if the full import of the British golf at Minikahda is to be appreciated, it must be looked upon as a mark of progress rather than an accomplished fact. From the outset of the preparations for producing a team, the selectors were working and thinking on a four-year plan. After the awful hiding at St. Andrews in 1955 they could not possibly expect to produce a winning team for Minikahda, starting, as they had to, almost from scratch. That they came nearer to doing so than anyone might have expected was proof of the rightness of their policy.

Unless something goes unexpectedly amiss with form during the next eighteen months, the proceedings at Minikahda have established a nucleus for Muirfield in Jack, Wolstenholme, Sewell, Shepperson, Bussell and, although he did not play, Bonallack. The experience gained from playing at least one match against an American in his own country without being defeated is invaluable. And it was so good that the younger players should succeed, for this must have given confidence and hope to many others throughout the land. But the nucleus, as I am calling them for convenience's sake, will have to play every bit as hard for their places in 1959 as they did this summer. There is to be no languishing upon laurels, and I am assured that the selectors' attention will be every bit as strict next year as it has been so far. The Walker Cup match will be in the middle of May, with few important events beforehand in that year, so the pressure will be on throughout next season, and I think there will be a greater response than ever before.

For many years the names of Alliss and Hunt, which trip from the tongue as easily as those of a famous pair of opening batsmen, have been associated in people's minds with the promise of youth in the professional world. Each, though for different reasons, has known his vicissitudes in the past few seasons, but now they are firmly established in the tournament scene. They gave the year a brave beginning by winning a tournament apiece before April was out, and I cannot remember either having more than one or two indifferent days in all the long summer. Their consistency was admirable and everyone was delighted because fulfilment of their talents had taken a while in coming. But even as I write, there is a young man playing in Australia—David Thomas—who may in time overtake both Alliss and Hunt.

* * *

I well remember a spring afternoon six years ago at Fairhaven when I first set eyes on David Thomas, and learned to my astonishment that he was only sixteen. Even then he was so powerful and hit the ball so easily that his immense promise was as obvious as that of Alliss when he was a boy. Given reasonable application it seemed that nothing could prevent him from reaching the game's highest places, for he appeared to have a good head on his shoulders, good manners and a willingness to learn. Since then he has travelled the world as few young golfers have ever had the opportunity or the sense to do. He realised, as did Thomson, that the finest proving ground for the professional was the American tournament, with its ruthless and intense competition. In this the art of scoring must be acquired and maintained to a very high degree if the player wishes to exist at all as a tournament golfer.

I talked to Thomas one evening during the Tam O' Shanter in Chicago and again was impressed by his common-sense approach. He had hit the ball beautifully in every round and yet was nowhere in the lists, but this served only to harden his resolution to master the short game. Since then he has finished second in the individual competition of the Canada Cup, a remarkable performance in view of the distinguished field competing, and second in an important Australian event. How much easier relatively the British tournaments should be to him after all this experience! And how agreeable it is to have good tidings of the new generation in the falling days of the year!

BEAUTY IN BRITAIN

THE COUNTRY LIFE *Beautiful Britain Calendar* for 1958 (6s.; 5s. 9d., including postage, if posted abroad) contains an even wider range of subjects than usual. In addition to fine landscape photographs (for example, of the Sussex Downs, the Norfolk Broads and the Devon coast) and studies of such famous sights as Princes-street, Edinburgh, from the air and the Butterwalk at Dartmouth, there are photographs of notable interiors, including the library at Arundel Castle and the chapel at Chatsworth, and a striking study of Nelson's *Victory* at Portsmouth.

THE TREASURY, WHITEHALL—II

By A. J. D. WINNIFRITH

WILLIAM KENT'S Treasury (Fig. 1) has been in continuous occupation by the Department since he built it in 1737. The accounts for the expenditure incurred in that and the earlier years were then approved and set out in detail, recording every farthing that had been paid. The total came to some £18,000. The money was well spent. Kent's original design, like Soane's for the later building described last week, was more ambitious and would have involved a much longer façade on Horse Guards Parade. The smaller building that he was to put up is a balanced whole and at the time must have provided comfortably for the Treasury's needs. Even his garrets are roomy by the standards of the Whitehall front. The other rooms are lofty and elegant, and the state rooms for Ministers are some of the best in Whitehall.

The most famous of these is, of course, the Board Room (Fig. 2)—a model for all board rooms in its proportions and furniture. The latter is usually described as contemporary with the room, but Mr. W. A. Thorpe has argued convincingly that some of it may be earlier, some later (see COUNTRY LIFE of January 5 and 12, 1951). He quotes incidentally the encomium of John Scrope, Secretary to the Treasury when the room was built: "he seldom or never spoke but to facts." Unfortunately, there are few facts and many theories about the furniture. The King's Chair, gilt with a crown and G.R. cypher, upholstered in red velvet, is the first problem. It may be earlier, but it cannot be much later than the room. No one can say with certainty what purpose it served, although it is probable that it would not have got into this room if it had not been used here—and it is known that the early Georges attended meetings of the Board.

There can be no doubt about the purpose of the massive table and the more or less matching set of twelve chairs. These served the Board of Treasury so long as they met as a Board in this room. Here the Lords Commissioners, usually with the First Lord or Chancellor of the Exchequer in the chair, met in person to settle all Treasury business, which then, as now, covered all activities of Government. Even so, readers of *Kidnapped* may be surprised that, no more than thirteen days after the event, the agenda included the Appin murder. The Treasury, who were not too successfully managing the estates confiscated after the '4 had indeed provoked the incident by deliberate toughening their policy towards the tenant They now sent orders "to bring the actors ar accomplices to condign punishment." Th Board included a Campbell—John Campbell Calder, a distant cousin of the Duke of Argy the chief of the clan, who was preside over the trial of Jam Stewart, the innocent scapego for the outrage. John Campbe had indeed four years befo signed the warrant appointing h kinsman, Colin Campbell Glenure, to the post of King factor which was to bring him his death.

1.—WILLIAM KENT'S TREASURY, BUILT IN 1737, SEEN FROM HORSE GUARD PARADE

2.—THE BOARD ROOM, WHERE THE BOARD OF TREASURY MET: "A MODEL FOR ALL BOARD ROOMS IN ITS PROPORTIONS AND FURNITURE"

The Board continued to mee for many years, but in tim Treasury business came to b settled by direct submission to th Chancellor, who was thus left i sole occupation of the room. formal survival of the old pro cedure lingered on in the ceremon of "calling in" to the Board newl appointed Financial Secretaries but in time this, by then bogus ritual was dropped and since th 1920s the Board has not met i person for this or any other pur pose.

There belong in the Boar Room an astronomical clock mad by Charles Clay in 1740 and a fin set of three inkstands and twelv candlesticks. Specimens have re cently been on view in the Victori and Albert Museum. Some dat from the reign of James II, other from William and Mary—but they need an article to themselves.

Many of Kent's other room are on the same magnificent scal as the Board Room, though th original furniture has not sur vived. Two typical rooms ar shown in Figs. 3 and 4. The first on the same floor as the Board Room, was for many years occu pied by the Financial Secretary

3.—THE FINANCIAL SECRETARY'S ROOM. (*Right*) 4.—WINDOW TREATMENT OF A ROOM ON THE FLOOR ABOVE THE BOARD ROOM

The other is a fair example of those on the floor above.

Kent's building was not the first on this site. Its most distinguished predecessor had been the Cockpit. Built, according to Stow, by Henry VIII, it had been used not only for its original purpose but also for plays. Cromwell had temporarily raised its tone by inviting the House of Commons there to hear rare music of both voices and instruments. The Restoration brought it back to its old use and the experiment was not renewed. But the days of the Cockpit were numbered and by about 1675 it had gone. Oddly enough the date of the demolition of this notable building is not recorded. There is a magnificent oil painting by Danckerts, now in Berkeley Castle, which can be dated about 1674, showing Charles II and his spaniels, with the Coldstream Guards on duty and the Cockpit still prominent in the scene. A rather poor engraving of this picture by Mazell is reproduced in Fig. 5. In later prints—for example, Rawle's engraving (Fig. 6) of a picture showing the same scene sometime before the death of Charles II, assuming that the figure in the foreground is the King—the Cockpit has gone and its place has been taken by a four-storeyed house built of brick. This house can be identified with some probability as the house built by Lord Treasurer Danby in 1676, when he was given a lease from the Crown to repair some existing buildings and to put up new buildings on the Cockpit site. If so, it was in this same house that Queen Anne lived from 1684 to 1692, for her lease from Charles II conveyed the identical parcel of land which had been comprised in Danby's lease.

Whether or not Danby's house incorporated some fragments of the original structure of the Cockpit, the Cockpit's name lived on for many years after its disappearance from the scene. It had already given its name to the surrounding area, so that Cromwell dated his letters from the Cockpit and many others who lived in other houses in the neighbourhood described themselves as living in the Cockpit. As late as 1722 the Privy Council Chamber was referred to as at the Cockpit. To-day the name has vanished from Whitehall. The Cockpit Steps, which lead from Old Queen-street to Birdcage-walk, commemorate a later cockpit near Queen Anne's-gate. Only the record of the old Cockpit survives. Recent borings on the Cockpit site revealed some small bones. With more piety than probability, they were identified as the remains of King Henry's fighting cocks.

Danby's house did not survive long after Princess Anne's departure in 1692. The Treasury had moved into it in 1698 after the fire which destroyed so much of Whitehall Palace had sent them in search of new quarters. But Queen Anne's house was soon afterwards in decay. On May 3, 1732, the Board received

5.—VIEW OF WHITEHALL ENGRAVED BY MAZELL AFTER DANCKERTS. The Cockpit, on the site of the present Treasury, is the square building behind the statue on the right. (*Below*) 6.—THE SAME VIEW A FEW YEARS LATER, FROM AN ENGRAVING BY RAWLE. The place of the Cockpit has been taken by Lord Treasurer Danby's house

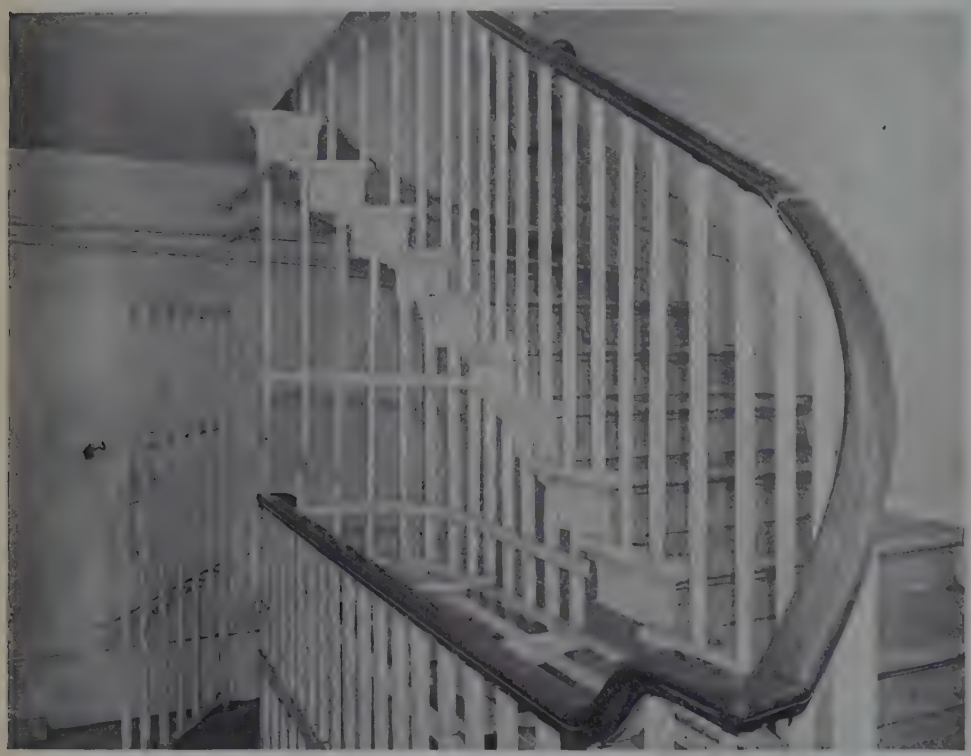
a report that their offices were unsafe. The same day they moved out to temporary offices, first in Arlington-street and later in the Lottery Office, and Kent received his commission to build the present building. Seldom have their Lordships acted more promptly.

Kent's first estimate of £8,000 was for "covering in the carcass" of the building, and there are several references to work on the carcass. It might be inferred from this language that Kent in turn incorporated some of the earlier structure in his new building. On the other hand, his final bill was nearer £18,000, and much of the existing buildings came down. An order was made authorising the rubbish to be dumped on the island in St. James's Park, which wanted raising, so clearly some considerable part of the old house was demolished.

If it were known how much, if any, of the older buildings survived in Kent's Treasury, some light might be thrown on a most baffling relic housed in this part of the Treasury, for many years called Queen Anne's Bath and shown as a link with her occupation of the building. The bath (Fig. 7) is to be found on the top floor, which is reached by one of Kent's subsidiary staircases. It measures 31½ inches square, with an inside diameter of 24 inches. It is cut out of rough stone and bevelled at two of the corners, and has been set on rough brick pillars into the top courses of the main chimney. It has a sump hole and there are traces of a bracket where a tank may have hung to supply it with water; there are the remains of lead pipes from the roof which could have fed the tank. At the head of the stairs there is an iron-plated door with a bolt on the staircase side and on the floor below is a formidable grille that allows the top floor to be shut off (Fig. 8).

The tradition is that the bath was associated with Princess Anne's residence and that the grille was put in when she was confined to her quarters on the eve of the Revolution. This story even gets some backing in Sir Thomas Heath's history of the Treasury. He refers to the Bath as "a reputed relic of Princess Anne's occupation . . . according to tradition always known as Queen Anne's Bath." About the other story he shows more caution when he suggests that the attic may have been used to confine its occupants. There is "a door plated with iron on the outside and on the floor below the staircase is blocked by an iron grille also secured by a lock." As a cautious civil servant he does not commit himself, but the implication is clear. The prisoner was Princess Anne.

7.—QUEEN ANNE'S BATH: A BAFFLING RELIC ON THE TOP STOREY OF THE TREASURY



8.—THE GRILLE ON THE STAIRCASE LEADING TO THE BATH

9.—FOUNDATIONS BELOW THE BOARD ROOM

Sir Thomas Heath was a great authority on Treasury antiquities. He had served with Lord Welby, who was even more learned and who was in touch with a living tradition that went back quite a way towards the time of these events. Attractive though it is, however, the notion that Princess Anne was confined behind bars on the top storey of her house is most improbable. In the first place, one has to assume that this staircase survived and was incorporated in Kent's Treasury. This stretches to the fullest bounds the inferences to be drawn from the references to the "carcass."

It is, of course, true that on the eve of the Revolution some watch was being kept on the Princess and that she "escaped" from her house at the Cockpit in dramatic circumstances. The Duchess of Marlborough in her account of the incident says that "The Princess went to bed at the usual time to prevent suspicions. I came to her soon after and by the backstairs which went down from her closet, H.R.H., my lady Fitzharding and I, with a servant, walked to the coach, where we found the Bishop of London and the Earl of Dorset." There does not seem to have been much difficulty about this escape. Surely, if there had been even an attempt to confine the Princess behind bars in a garret, the Duchess would have made the most of the story. In any case all the evidence is that these locks and bars served not to keep anyone in but to keep others out.

On the other hand, there is no reason to doubt the tradition that the bath is a relic of the time when the Princess lived on this site. Treasury records, equally silent on the purpose of the grille, give no clue to its presence in the attic. The bath was never beautiful. It can never have been very practical either. Why anyone bothered to install it where it now is remains an unsolved mystery.

Kent's Treasury fortunately survived the bombs. Doors and windows were blown out, but the structure stood and stands firm. A look at its foundations (Fig. 9) shows why it has had a longer life than some of its predecessors and neighbours on this marshy site. But the bomb damage, coinciding with expansion in Treasury work, made it necessary to house some of its staff in other parts of Whitehall. Those who grew up in the old building and now mourn in Babylonian exile in Great George-street look back nostalgically on their former quarters.

Photographs (except Fig. 3): A. Harnett and H. R. Verry.

RATTING TERRIER OF EAST ANGLIA

By S. M. LAMPSON

THERE is little work for a sporting terrier in this chemical age. Rodent operatives arrive in smart green vans, unload a can of doctored bait and the rats are seen no more for a while. The dogs no longer burrow in the straw, or stand, tense and listening, around the stacks. Myxomatosis has made the appearance of a rabbit something to be remarked on and pointed out to the children. The terriers no longer scrabble and blow at the mouth of the burrows, the earth flying between their feet as they dig. If pluck and gameness were still the main requirements for a terrier, that varmint for vermin the Norwich terrier would be better known than he is.

One of the smallest of the terriers, the Norwich is an active, loyal little dog who makes an excellent and intelligent companion. His instincts have not been so dimmed by disuse or over-emphasis on some show point that he cannot chivvy and kill such vermin as may have overlooked the chemicals and cross his path during his daily round. Furthermore, the Norwich is unlike many other breeds of terrier in two respects. First, he is seldom quarrelsome with his own kind. Second, his coat is hard and natural and keeps smart and tidy without constant stripping, trimming and other forms of barbering.

The Norwich terrier has no claim to a long, unsullied pedigree, since he only became a recognised breed some 22 years ago, and people who played a big part in his production are still alive to tell the tale. Unlike many other short-legged terriers, Norwich terriers did not come into being in the stony, hilly northern counties but in the flatter, greener acres of Cambridgeshire, Suffolk and Norfolk. Their primary purpose in life was to be hunt terriers, but it is always questionable whether a red-coated dog is entirely suitable for such work.

T. Fall

NORWICH TERRIER, CH. JERICHO HILL VIXEN. "The Norwich is an active, loyal little dog who makes an excellent and intelligent companion"

The original stock from which the Norwich terrier descends were small dogs said to have been much like a smooth-coated cairn terrier; the original bitch was acquired by Mr. Jodrell Hopkins during the South African War. In the early years of the century Mr. Hopkins was a well-known horse dealer, first at Trumpington, near Cambridge, and later in Newmarket. Mr. Hopkins's little vermin-chasers were in great demand by the undergraduates who did business with him.

It was, however, Mr. Frank Jones, then one of his employees and equally well known in horse and hunting circles, who took the largest part in the production of the modern Norwich terrier. The Hopkins terriers were crossed and re-crossed with very small, very game Irish and Glen of Imaal terriers, as well as Yorkshire terriers and a nondescript hunt terrier or two. Mr. Jones, who is happily still alive, bred for ten years before a stable type emerged. The result was what he wanted: a small, sharp, intelligent and low-to-ground terrier, whose powers of endurance were such that he could follow a horse all day and in all weathers and come home with his tail up.

Although these dogs were strangers to the show-ring and known only as Jones terriers, there was a good demand for puppies, which changed hands first for a few pounds and later, as the demand increased, for the then large price of twenty pounds. One bitch went to America for as much as fifty pounds. Sales of puppies to undergraduates and American hunting men spread these little terriers thinly but widely over the face of the British Isles and the United States. Mr. Jones had not been alone in his breeding efforts, and descendants of Mr. Hopkins's dogs went to a Mr. Stokes, of Market Harborough, Mr. Nichols, of Wymondham, and Mr. Jack Cooke, Master of the Norwich Staghounds. It was Mr. Stokes who, when asked by a visitor what breed his terriers were, thought quickly of the address of the man from whom he had obtained them and replied Trumpington terriers, thereby adding to the list of names by which these dogs were loosely known—Jones terriers, Trumpington terriers, Norfolk terriers and, finally, Norwich terriers.

By 1914 Mrs. Fagan, of Surrey, was breeding methodically from a bitch directly descended from the dogs of Mr. Jones and from her strain many of the modern dogs descend. Early in 1932 the Kennel Club agreed to a request that Norwich terriers should be considered a breed, and they appeared at shows in classes for "any other variety." Three years later they were sufficiently strong numerically to have classes to themselves and championship status. Mr. Jones is said to have been averse to his creations becoming show dogs, as he had no interest in the show ring.

The dogs on show in those years were something of a bobbery pack. There were considerable variations in size, shape and type; some dogs, as now, held their ears erect while others let them drop.

The question of ear carriage has long caused controversy among supporters of the Norwich terrier. Mr. Jones himself endeavoured to breed dogs with erect ears and appears to have succeeded; but some of the other fanciers had not been so particular, and when drop-eared puppies appeared the ears were cropped and little more thought was given to the matter, until the question of show points arose. Now this question of ear carriage is causing great disturbance among the Norwich terrier's supporters. Sensibly enough, the earlier breeders had considered that ear carriage had nothing to do with the dog's working ability or character, and that there were far more important faults to eliminate before concentrating on it. In consequence either erect or dropped ears were considered permissible.

However, at the present time this apparently simple question has developed into a major issue and an application was recently made to the Kennel Club for permission to divide the breed, calling the dogs with drop ears and the dogs with erect ears respectively Norwich terriers and Norfolk terriers. But the Kennel Club has refused the application, pointing out that the breed as it stands is not numerically strong enough thus to divide. Admittedly, erect ears do lend an air of smart alertness to a dog, but the point seems so small that it would be a pity to jeopardise the future of these terriers by the arguments of their supporters about this and some other non-essential matters.

To return to the progress the Norwich terrier has made between its official recognition and the present time. Type is now far more settled, although there is a tendency for these dogs to be a little larger than was the original intention. Numerically the progress in this country has not been as great as it should have been, considering the breed's many virtues. Perhaps the fact that terriers as a whole are not popular at the present time may have something to do with this. The average number of registrations during the past seven years has been slightly over 230, which, considering the present great popularity of dogs, is not a great improvement on the total of 109 registrations made in 1939. If the dog-loving public could be made more fully aware of the virtues of these charming, faithful little dogs the situation might be improved.

Mr. Jones, Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Stokes all sold dogs to Americans in the early days of the breed; the Cheshire Hunt of Philadelphia maintained a kennel of Jones terriers for some years, and so to a lesser degree did some other American Hunt Clubs. The American Kennel Club recognised the breed under the title of Norwich terrier shortly after its official acceptance in this country. As a show and companion dog it has become popular in America, and many of the best English-bred specimens cross the Atlantic to reinforce American-bred stock. Ch. Whinlatter Tryd, who went out to the Philadelphia kennel of Mrs. How Lowe last year, was accounted one of the best of his breed ever produced in this country.

The English and American standards of desired points are similar in meaning, though different in wording. The English standard is expressed shortly, sharply and pointedly, and begins with the declaration of characteristics. "The Norwich Terrier is one of the smallest of the Terriers but a 'demon' for its size. Of a lovable disposition, not quarrelsome and with a hardy constitution." For general appearance it requires a "small, low, keen dog, compact and strong with good substance and bone." It details that the dog's head should have a muzzle foxy and strong, and a wide, slightly rounded skull with good width between the ears. Dark, expressive eyes must be bright and keen. The ears, whether erect or dropped, should be neat and small; if dropped, they should be correctly so.

The jaws are to be clean and strong, with tight lips and rather large closely fitting teeth. In distinction to most other terriers, the dog's neck is to be short, but strong and well set on powerful shoulders. The short strong straight forelegs end in round thickly-padded feet; the dog's body is short and compact with well-sprung ribs and strong hindquarters that must have great powers of propulsion. The docked tail is of medium length and carried fairly gaily. The hard, wiry and straight coat should lie close to the body but is longer and rougher on the neck where, in winter, it almost forms a mane. The hair on the head, ears and muzzle is to be short and smooth except for slight eyebrows and whisker.

The permitted colours are red, black-and-tan or brindle; white markings are most undesirable, The preferred weight is between eleven and twelve pounds and the height should not exceed ten inches at the withers. The standard concludes with the words: "Honourable scars from fair wear and tear shall not count against."

FIGURES OF NOTE: A MISCELLANY

By STANLEY W. FISHER

1.—EARTHENWARE FIGURE OF A MAN ON A GOAT. Attribution uncertain. (*Right*) 2.—PORCELAIN GROUP OF BACCHUS AND NYMPHS. Derby mark in puce, but made by Samson, of Paris

PORCELAIN and earthenware figures, as we know them to-day, have had a long evolution, from the earliest vessels shaped in the form of man or beast to the lovely creations of Meissen or Chelsea that were made for purely ornamental purposes. Between the two extremes there are many varieties. Many of us think first of the homely masterpieces of Astbury, Whieldon and the Woods, for example, glowing unobtrusively with their rich coloured glazes, yet made to sell to cottagers for a few pence, and their cruder, roughly potted, clumsily modelled successors that were yet more worthwhile, in turn, than the large Victorian chimneypiece ornaments with their undecorated out-of-sight backs, cold chalky paste and blotchy colouring.

In quite a different style there are the great bird and animal Meissen figures of Kirchner and Kaendler, their crinoline groups and Italian Comedy figures, and the ambitious banqueting-table ornaments comprising many pieces that were imitated, with every other kind of ceramic sculpture, at all the great Continental factories. Nearer home the creations of Chelsea, Bow and Derby compel our admiration by reason of their softer, mellowed appearance, and of the very defects that betray the tentative hand of inexperience. Then, if we can forget for a moment such English rarity and worth, a thought might well be spared to Spengler's pure white Derby biscuit, to Wedgwood's black basalt Classical busts, and even to the modern ivory Worcester figures that before long will qualify on the grounds of age as well as technical excellence for the name of antique.

All these and many others have much in common, ignoring, of course, the special attractions that accrue from the different natures of their materials. Clay of any kind cries aloud to be used for intricate modelling. In the hands of a skilled artist a figure captures the expressions and the vivacity that make up character, it idealises the shapes of limbs and torso, and in common with sculpture (though by entirely

3.—FAUN AND BACCHUS: A WEDGWOOD CLAY FIGURE IN IMITATION OF BRONZE. About 1770-80. (*Middle*) 4.—COALPORT PAIR OF DANCERS, WITH LACEWORK ORNAMENT. About 1820-50. (*Right*) 5.—NESSUS AND DEIANEIRA: A GLAZED WHITE GROUP ATTRIBUTED TO ENOCH WOOD. About 1800-20

6.—SPODE FIGURE OF A CHINESE. About 1800. (*Right*) 7.—JUST BREECHED: CHAMBERLAIN'S WORCESTER FIGURES. That on the left is marked "H. Chamberlain & Sons, Worcester." About 1811-15

different means) it exploits every trick of light and shade and the effectiveness of contrasted shapes and masses.

That is the general scene, but every now and again a collector encounters a specimen that does not fit conveniently into it. He finds a rarity, something that is out of the rut. Of course, it is only natural to expect that 18th- and early-19th-century experiment should have resulted in many pieces that, if not unique, are yet of more than ordinary interest, and that open up a world of speculation and research. For example, consider the earthenware figure illustrated in Fig. 1. It is quite small, 4½ ins. in height, and on the evidence of the modelling of the rider it might well have been made by Astbury. But what of the goat, modelled so carefully in a much more sophisticated style? The piece is a paradox and has been credited to Twyford, a contemporary of Whieldon, for want of a better attribution. Apparently it represents a wealthy and eccentric Welshman named Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, who is featured in the Price collection in the shape of a Toby jug, riding upon a goat in a similar way. Nevertheless, this is one of those earthenware figures which, if genuine, must remain anonymous, and if a fake is technically quite as good as anything made during its pretended period.

Some fakes are much more obvious. The Bacchus group (Fig. 2) bears the Derby mark in puce of the period between about 1784 and 1810, but it is hard paste of good quality, cold and glittering, and one of Samson's best efforts. It does not matter much whether this well-known French copyist intended to deceive (though it is certain that he did not, as he claimed, always add his own mark to his wares), for the truth is that they are technically second to none, and will one day be valuable in their own right. No. Figures are not always what they seem. The finely modelled one of a faun and Bacchus (Fig. 3) was for many years accepted as a bronze by a former owner until the time came when it was to be sold. Only then was the imitation discovered. It is very good. Everything is right except, perhaps, that it is too light for metal. Even the true appearance of bronze was counterfeited, probably by sprinkling filings over the clay, and the result is most imposing and certainly rare. Josiah Wedgwood is often accused of having been a mere plagiarist, but at least he was always an accurate and enterprising one.

Presumably Wedgwood instructed his modellers to copy from actual Classical antiquities, and in this he was not alone. Enoch Wood, cousin of the more famous Ralph and partner of James Caldwell, almost certainly modelled the well-balanced, 19-in. Nessus and Deianeira shown in Fig. 5. I have seen an exactly similar though much larger figure of carved wood, and there was once a carved ivory plaque obviously derived from the same original source in the McAndrew collection. But what was that source? The answer is that the earthenware group, at any rate, was copied from one of the Elgin marbles.

The name of Coalport is synonymous with fine early-19th-century porcelain of certain kinds, but how often does one hear of figures having been made there? That the factory was capable of that kind of work is proved by the excellence of the applied flowers on Coalbrookdale wares (and by the fine quality of the imitations of Chelsea goat-and-bee jugs). I have seen several marked busts in white biscuit, and here is illustrated a pair of figures (Fig. 4) that on the evidence of paste, glaze, enamel colours and intricately pencilled fine gold could have been made nowhere else. A noteworthy feature is the presence upon the garments of lacework, made by soaking real lace in slip (clay mixed with water) which when fired retained the exact shape of the burnt fabric. Spodes made an occasional figure, too, as for example the puckish little Chinese (Fig. 6), which from its economy of line, colour palette and general treatment might have been made yesterday instead of 150 years ago.

Early Worcester figures are so scarce that they may almost be reckoned on one's fingers, and those of the Chamberlain period are by no means plentiful. In Fig. 7 is shown a typical model in two styles; the enamelled version bears the name "Just Breeched," and the same character may be found also in earthenware. The interesting point is that the white biscuit specimen, rare enough in itself, bears the unique incised mark "H. Chamberlain & Sons, Worcester." A study of the family history of the firm shows that it can be explained in only one way. Old Humphrey Chamberlain at one time intended that his sons should be admitted into partnership, but never admitted them.

From Worcester, too, though of later date (about 1856), came the clear-cut, attractively posed Faust and Margaret (Fig. 8), modelled by W. Bayton Kirk, who modelled the famous Shakespeare dessert service. It bears the mark of the Kerr and Binns period, during which few figures were made apart from those that accompanied the service, or that were actually a part of the comports and centrepiece.

Finally, and in complete contrast, is another pair of lovers, the rustic Umbrella Courtship. Its maker, Felix Pratt, is better known as the Fenton manufacturer of moulded jugs, tea-pots and flasks, but here is a rare proof that his factory could also produce figures. The modelling is superficial, but at the same time the piece is pleasing in its simplicity, its quiet humour and the freshness of its colouring, which was obtained by mixing pigment with glaze.

Illustrations: 2, 3 *and* 4, *Mr. E. A. Goss;* 5 *and* 9, *Mrs. M. Bruce George;* 6, *Messrs. W. T. Copeland and Sons;* 8, *Mr. G. Godden.*

8.—FAUST AND MARGARET: KERR AND BINNS WORCESTER FIGURE. Marked "W. Bayton Kirk fecit." About 1856. (*Right*) 9.—UMBRELLA COURTSHIP: A GROUP BY FELIX PRATT. About 1790-1800

RIVERS WITHOUT WATER

Some Suggestions for Overcoming the Dangers of Extraction

By ROY BEDDINGTON

FISHERMEN, observant by nature, are quick to note any change in the rivers wherein they enjoy their sport, noticing any alteration in the flow and make-up of a river, ever jealous of their preserves and dismayed if conditions are not what they should be, especially if man himself has had a hand in their deterioration. For this reason they are the best watch-dogs where water is concerned, but, though they are usually the first to give tongue when anything is wrong, they do not always achieve much by their music because man the industrialist, man the consumer of water for his domestic needs and man the agriculturist are also in want of the same fluid upon which the fishes of the angler depend.

The complaints of a fisherman about the state of his river may vary from the normal deviation of its course by movement of gravel or silting to very serious conditions caused by extraction of water either overground or underground, by pollution or, most seriously, by pollution simultaneous with a reduction in the volume of water present to dilute it.

* * *

So far as pollution is concerned, the Anglers' Co-operative Association has proved itself competent to deal with its perpetrators, though often not before damage has been sustained; but where the flow has been affected by extraction it has been less easy to exert pressure to remedy the lack of water so necessary for the maintenance of under-the-surface life and the natural propagation of the species in rivers frequented by fish, especially migratory fish.

Last year this subject was so evidently the topic which delegates to the Salmon and Trout Association Conference wished to debate that it is not surprising that it was chosen as the main theme for their deliberations during this year's conference, held last week at Fishmongers' Hall, London.

* * *

During the period between the two conferences I visited in June a small chalk stream well known to me where I have enjoyed excellent sport, crouching among the reeds in pursuit of fair-sized trout. With customary impatience, I put up my rod and hurried to its banks, confident that the past would repeat itself and the river would provide its usual day of excitement and reward. Would the big fellow be lying under the alder at the bottom of the garden? Should I catch my fly in the brambles when I tried, as I have always tried, to reach the deep hole where the cattle drink? Would there be shoals of trout lying in the channels between the ranunculus beds near the plank that leads to the village?

As I peered over a fallen tree, to obtain a view of my old adversary, I could scarcely restrain myself. The big trout was not there, nor in his accustomed resting place was any other fish, because the eddy, where he would wait to suck down the flies which gathered there, no longer existed. Instead, a few dead twigs in a depression of bare gravel were the only memento of his lie. Only a trickle flowed over the wooden dam, where once there had been a waterfall emanating oxygen and enlivening the inhabitants of a worth-while pool. Now there was no pool, nothing but a shallow, muddy flat devoid of the weed among which the stream was wont to bubble and sparkle in the sunlight. I pulled at an empty pipe.

It seemed inconceivable that subsequent to a period of sufficient rain at the appropriate time to replenish the springs, this delightful stretch could have been so transformed.

"Below," I said aloud, "things will be different." But below conditions were as bad. There was no question of hooking the brambles where the cattle drank, for there was no hole, but, in its place, a clump of rushes growing in wet mud, and by the plank bridge there was no ranunculus and insufficient water to cover a half-pound fish. Here, a few years ago, I had built dams to improve the fishing. Now their remains projected from what water was left like breakwaters at low tide. Above them were mud-flats covered by an inch or two of water and, below, a fine crop of reeds almost hiding the tiny runnels that were the only evidence of a once perfect trout stream. I sat down dejected and filled the empty pipe. Here, where in the past I used to catch a dozen trout between breakfast and tea, or where, if a hatch of fly or my skill were lacking, I could at least enjoy the beauty of the scene, there was little left of the water which had so enhanced it.

Extraction or abstraction (whichever denotes the greater evil from the angler's point of view) was the cause of this metamorphosis. Underground extraction and non-return of the water in the upper reaches had robbed the river of resources upon which it had always relied to maintain its flow and volume; for, unlike the flashy rivers of the peat, a chalk stream is dependant for its constancy on the springs that well up from storage reservoirs underground.

RAINWATER POOL

THE shadows of the tallest trees
Upon these waters glide;
What gale the gap of woodland frees
Here gentles strength and pride
To a scarcely rippled tide;
The blue of sky, a glint of sun
Upon its greyness glance and run
Away
As tree-tops sway
Above this hollow in the lane
Filled overnight by thunder rain.

A. D. L. W.

It is when a river is in such a state that pollution can be most lethal, because insufficient water means insufficient dilution of effluent, so that not only fishing interests but all consumers are liable to suffer. If, however, the volume is adequate, the impurities are less discernible and less injurious. Only when the level falls does a more concentrated solution begin to have effect.

The reason why anglers are the first to complain may not be apparent to those who know nothing of fishing; but it is a simple one because their quarry the fish, especially grayling, salmon and trout, are most susceptible to changes in their habitat. When the water level falls, they may die from pollution no longer diluted; they may contract disease through lack of oxygen or because there is insufficient water even to cover them. If they are salmon or sea trout, they cannot reach their spawning beds; if they are brown trout or other freshwater fish, their food may be destroyed together with the weed that is its home. Fish, as Miss Turing aptly put it at the conference, act as water guinea pigs, so that scientists may be warned by their behaviour. Indeed, Lord Hollenden, the president of the Association, pointed out that fish work the full 24 hours and are always ready to indicate when anything is not right, adding: 'I shudder to think of the army of officials that would be necessary to protect our rivers if there were no fish in them."

What, it may be asked, is the benefit to be derived from a body like the Salmon and Trout Association holding a conference when the object of its members would appear to be only the conservation of fisheries, an aim unimportant compared with that of the imperative user of water for domestic, agricultural and industrial needs?

First, it brings together hitherto conflicting interests, the water undertakings, the river boards who administer the catchment areas and the fishermen themselves, who alone seem to realise that there is danger to pure water from over-abstraction and too much drawing on the bank of underground supplies or on reservoirs in the upper reaches, or from excess piping direct from a river throughout its course. Second, it gives an opportunity for hearing the considered opinions of established water authorities such as Mr. John Cockram, president of the British Waterworks Association, Mr. Robert Melvin, president of the Institute of Water Engineers, Sir Arthur Heneage, chairman of the River Boards' Association, Mr. Leonard Millis, secretary of the Waterworks Association, and Mr. S. Barrett, an engineer of great experience and wisdom. Mr. Millis and Mr. Barrett presented papers. They all suggested that a united front and co-operation were desirable between themselves, the river boards and the fishermen, who have often been at variance with one another, to devise the best way to expend and conserve water for the good of all.

Mr. Millis drew attention to an excellent plan for conservation of supplies, all important when it is realised that one ton of iron ingot needs 18,000 gallons of water for its production and a further 65,000 if it is to be turned to steel, that one ton of aluminium requires 120,000 gallons, a ton of paper 64,000 gallons and one barrel of oil 18 barrels of water. Briefly, it is to take our supplies from the rivers direct in winter when they are swollen by rain and when so much flood water disappears to the sea so that the wells and reservoirs may have a chance to refill in spring in readiness for summer's shortage.

* * *

This is a concrete suggestion more feasible and less expensive than pumping water back whence it came or the purification of water already used until it is potable again, though it should be remembered that by such re-use a quantity five times the natural flow of the River Ruhr is said to be put to the uses of industry, agriculture and water undertakings in that river's area without preventing navigation on it or its ultimate arrival in normal volume at its confluence with the Rhine.

If all concerned press for an alteration of national water policy on these lines, there should be sufficient not only for the persistent demands of industry, the increasing requirements of agriculture because of spray irrigation and the needs of the individual but also for the fisheries. It is not impossible that in the near future great quantities of salt water may by atomic power be turned into potable water which would lighten the burden of our rivers.

There is more than sufficient water; but it needs proper administration and proper conservation. Until some policy on the lines which Mr. Millis suggested can be inaugurated by Parliament, much good could be done by some amendment to the statute which enables the Minister to issue Orders to overcome the common law requirement that except for domestic user (to include the watering of cattle) riparian owners are entitled to an undiminished flow. If such a wish cannot be fulfilled, at least more consideration might be given to other users when such Orders are made or when private Bills for the same purpose are presented.

* * *

At the same time Parliament should revise existing Orders and re-examine the amount and the quality of compensation water demanded from water undertakings in the light of present-day facts (often different from the supposition of experts put forward when they were agreed to) with due respect for the Minister's statutory duty to have regard for the character and flow of a stream and for its future use not only for fisheries, but also for industry, agriculture, navigation and domestic user.

The delegates at this conference and everyone whose concern is water might ponder the words of Chaucer when he reminded us of:

The tyme that may not sojourne
But goth and never may retourne
As water that down renneth ay,
But never drop retourne may.

It would have been an apt text for the conference.

CARS DESCRIBED

THE HILLMAN ESTATE CAR

By J. EASON GIBSON

SINCE reporting on my road test of the new Series II Hillman Minx (COUNTRY LIFE, October 10), I have finished a test on another car of the same make. My previous test was of a saloon fitted with the Manumatic transmission system, which eliminates the clutch pedal and so makes driving easier for many drivers. The car which I have just tested was fitted with an estate-car body and a normal four-speed synchromesh gearbox. As my test coincided rather conveniently with a holiday visit to Italy with my family, it was possible to test the car thoroughly for its passenger- and luggage-carrying capacity, as well as its ability to stand much hard driving.

There is little doubt in my mind that the estate-car type of body is ideal for holiday use, as the problem of fitting in a varied assortment of luggage is reduced to the minimum. In addition, its convenience for carrying a load of holiday requisites is undoubted. In comparison with earlier versions of the Hillman, great improvements have been made by a new camshaft design. Although the maximum power remains the same as on the earlier car—51 brake horse power—it is obtained at 4,400 r.p.m. instead of at 4,600 r.p.m. The maximum torque figure is similarly reached at 200 r.p.m. less—2,200 instead of 2,400 r.p.m. These changes will naturally be reflected in better low-speed acceleration and improved top-gear hill-climbing. The maximum torque figure has actually been increased, but the important thing is that it is obtained at a lower engine speed. The four-cylinder overhead-valve engine has a capacity of 1,390 c.c. All points requiring periodic attention under the bonnet, including the oil dipstick, can be easily reached.

Because of the heavier loads likely to be carried, the top-gear ratio has been lowered from the 4.78: 1 of the saloon to 5.22: 1. In addition the rear suspension has been made stiffer by the use of springs with more leaves of a harder type. The hydraulic dampers have a slightly different mounting to allow the load-carrying floor to be kept flat. The gear lever is mounted on the steering column beneath the steering wheel; although I prefer a centrally-mounted lever I have to agree that of its type the lever fitted to the Hillman is good. Lockheed hydraulic brakes are used, and a stout hand brake lever is fitted to the right of the driver's seat. Like the saloon, the estate car has an improved steering gear, designed to increase accuracy. The overhang at the rear has been kept to a reasonable amount.

The design of the four-door body is ingenious and practical. The back rest of the rear seat is held in position by spring clips; a sharp pull on a strap which protrudes from between the seat and the squab folds down the back rest and this increases the loading room. It is unfortunately not possible to remove the spare wheel from under the loading platform without removing one's baggage. There is nothing of the modified van about the bodywork. The underside of the rear seat is steel covered, so that when it is folded into a vertical position to increase luggage space one has no fear of the seat being torn. The horizontally-divided rear opening is also well arranged. The upper half, which contains the rear window, can be lifted easily and is retained on self-locking stays, while the lower half folds down when two easily-worked bolts are released, and is held by two plastic-covered chains. The lower half does not fold down to a completely flat position, which prevents the flap from being used as a picnic table. Buyers to whom this was a disadvantage could easily have the retaining chains modified.

A good parcel shelf is provided across the width of the car, and it is worth mentioning that an appreciable amount of odds and ends can be stowed away beneath the floor in the spare wheel compartment. The range of adjustment provided on the front seat was adequate for drivers of up to medium height, but for anyone of six feet or so another two inches of adjustment would make a considerable difference. The rear doors are of a sensible size and open widely to make entry and exit easy. The driving position is good and one quickly feels completely at home. The lack of a lockable cubby hole and a trip reading on the speedometer is, I think, a serious omission, especially on a car which in other respects gives the impression of being well and thoughtfully equipped.

My outward trip to Italy was interesting, as my wife and family agreed that we would accept a little discomfort to reach the sun more quickly. On our first day we motored from Dunkirk to Amsteg, on the northern side of the St. Gotthard, and to do this averaged 45 m.p.h., which is a good performance for a car of this type, especially when carrying three people and a large load of luggage. It was of interest to note that, while no signs of brake fade were experienced in the Hillman saloon, the heavier load carried by the estate car did produce some deterioration in the braking efficiency. The overall fuel consumption for my entire test, which extended to over 2,000 miles, was 29 m.p.g., but, in view of my driving style for much of this distance, I should think that the average owner would obtain closer to 35 m.p.g. I consider the tank rather on the small side.

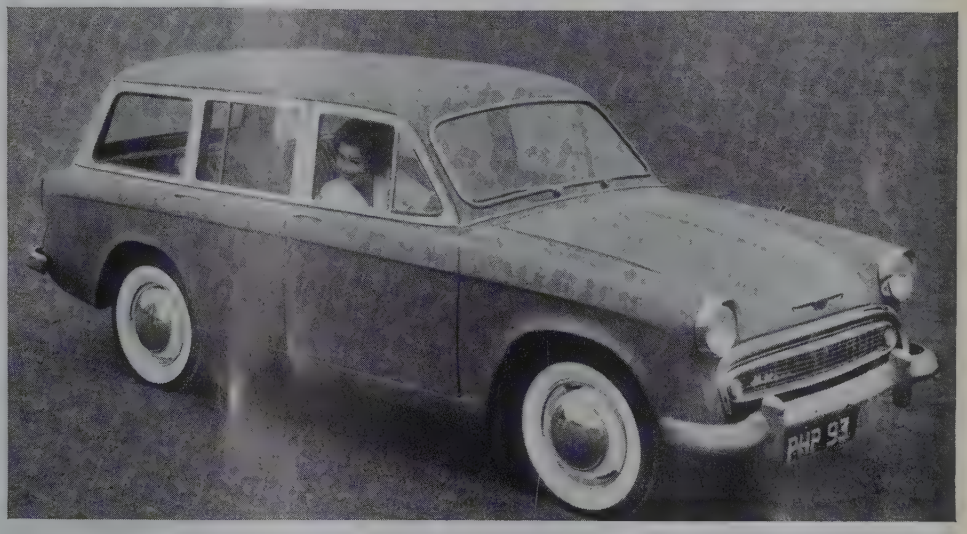
Despite the heavy load carried for much of my test I found that second gear could be used for starting from rest, except on a pronounced uphill stretch. The pulling power at relatively low engine speeds was such that third gear proved sufficient for the average sharp corner, either in the Alpine hills or on the twisty sections along the Ligurian Riviera. While the acceleration proved to be slightly slower than on the saloon version, owing to the changed ratios, it is unlikely that the average owner would observe the difference under average conditions.

A common trouble on estate cars is that the flat back causes fumes and dirt to be drawn along behind the car, and any deficiency in the sealing allows dust and fumes to be drawn in. Thanks to effective sealing of the rear doors there was no evidence of this with the Hillman. Owing to the stiffer rear springing the ride is not as comfortable as on the saloon, but when the rear of the car is fully loaded the ride is smoothed to a considerable extent. Naturally the increased load at the rear causes some roll, with slight effect on the steering, but at normal cornering speeds this need cause no worry. There was a little lost motion in the steering, which marred its otherwise good characteristics, and at low cornering speeds—on a long hairpin bend, for example—the steering struck me as rather stiffer than it should be. As the estate car is less streamlined than the saloon, it is slightly slower against the chronometer, but in use the difference is so little as to be of no importance. Under favourable conditions—that is, with slight assistance from wind or gradient—a speed of around 80 m.p.h. can be obtained.

The car I tested was fitted with yellow bulbs, but the lights were standard in all other respects, and a good beam was provided with a good cut-off in the dipped position. Throughout my test the car started well, rather more quickly, I thought, in the cold of Britain than in the warm dampness of Italy. The choke could be returned to normal almost as soon as the engine was running, and the car could be driven without sign of misfiring or hesitancy. In normal driving second and third gears give comfortable speeds of around 25 and 40 m.p.h., but when one is hurrying, the speeds can be raised to about 35 and 58 m.p.h. without any signs of the engine's becoming upsettingly fussy. The exhaust note appeared a little obtrusive, and not in keeping with the car's general character. Apart from this, the car is smooth and silent throughout its range.

The extra visibility granted by the rear window and the ease with which the car's length can be judged make it easy to reverse into awkward corners. Not the least of the benefits of the estate car, apart from the actual capacity for luggage, is that the disposal of one's luggage is no longer dictated by the shape of a luggage-boot lid; the only limiting factor is the ability to have full vision through the rear window via the mirror. It was pleasing to hear so many favourable comments from Italian motorists. All who spoke to me about it were impressed with the car's good appearance and fine finish.

This new Hillman estate car appeals to me as one of the most pleasing small estate cars, partly because its performance is much the same as that of its saloon car equivalent.



THE HILLMAN ESTATE CAR. **It has good performance and a large luggage capacity**

THE HILLMAN ESTATE CAR

Makers: The Hillman Co., Ryton-on-Dunsmore, Coventry.

SPECIFICATION

Price: £938 17s. (including P.T. £313 17s.)	
Cubic capacity	1,390 c.c.
Bore and Stroke	76.2 x 76.2 mm.
Cylinders	Four
Valves	Overhead
B.h.p.	51 at 4,400 r.p.m.
Carb.	Zenith
Ignition	Coil
Oil Filter	Full-flow
1st gear	18.60 to 1
2nd gear	12.89 to 1
3rd gear	7.78 to 1
4th gear	5.22 to 1
Final drive	Hypoid bevel
Brakes	Lockheed hydraulic
Suspension	Independent (front)
Wheelbase	8 ft.
Track (front)	4 ft. 1 in.
Track (rear)	4 ft. 0½ in.
Overall length	13 ft. 4½ ins.
Overall width	5 ft. 0¾ in.
Overall height	5 ft. 1 in.
Ground clearance	7 ins.
Turning circle	34¼ ft.
Weight	21 cwt.
Fuel capacity	7 galls.
Oil capacity	8 pints
Water capacity	12 pints
Tyres	Dunlop 5.50 x 15

PERFORMANCE

Acceleration	Top	3rd
30-50	13.4 secs.	10.9 secs.
40-60	17.5 secs.	—
0-60 (all gears)	28.9 secs.	

Max. speed	75.2 m.p.h.
Petrol consumption	29 m.p.g. at average speed of 45 m.p.h.

Brakes 30 to 0 in 34 ft. (88 per cent. efficiency)

WHERE CORMORANTS NEST INLAND

Written and Illustrated by WILLIAM CONDRY

TO get to Bird Rock—or Craig yr Aderyn, to give it its Welsh name—near Towyn, in Merioneth, could not be easier. You can go by bus if you want. You get out under the Rock, the bus roars off and quickly vanishes round the narrow lane that skirts a knee of the Rock, and you are left in a quiet, green, flat-bottomed valley with mountains and woods all round, an opening seawards to the west and the billowing outlines of Cader Idris to the east. You look up at the face above you, and there, crossing and recrossing the sky, so high and so dwarfed by their surroundings they look like jackdaws, are the cormorants. If it is a still day your ear will catch the gruntings and growlings with which the birds greet one another as they land on the ledges. But they are very far above you and the viewpoint is not a satisfying one.

It is the hill-walker who enjoys the best approach, across country from the south. You climb up through woods, and wind round undulating brackeny hills where wheatears play hide and seek among the screes and the air is sweet with woodlark song. At last you top a rise and there, dramatically, is the sudden deep rift of the Dysynni valley. And there too, if the wind is right, you first catch the smell. You may still be 200 yards from the brink of the precipice, but if the wind is north a reek comes to you that for a moment bewilders. Smells are linked wonderfully closely in our memories with places, and this one gives you an instantaneous flash-back to sea-cliffs and the beat of the ocean below and the voices of sea-bird colonies. Then you return to the present, to the lichen-scabbed rocks, the moor grass blowing in the wind, the encircling Merioneth mountains, the pastoral vale. But though the sea-image fades, the unmistakable smell of sea-birds persists.

THE BIRD ROCK, NEAR TOWYN, MERIONETH. **A colony of cormorants, which may date back to some remote time when there was sea under the rock, nests on the whitish cliffs of the precipitous north face**

BIRDS ON THEIR NESTS ON AN ISOLATED STACK OFF THE NORTH FACE OF THE ROCK

You clamber cautiously across a scree to the edge, go on to your hands and knees when you feel the wind tear up at you, and peer over. And there a few feet below on the white-washed ledges, their nests almost touching, are groups of sitting cormorants. As your head appears, their mates leap affrighted into space and are whisked away by the gale, but the incubating ones hold their ground and merely writhe snake-like necks as they appraise you from various angles. Farther along the cliff other cormorants which have not yet spotted you hold themselves upright and unmoving, like great black models of birds stood along the ledges. One holds his wings half open; another stands on one leg, balanced on a big webbed foot. Your gaze travels down the face past a lower group of cormorants, past a crowd of jackdaws fluttering in and out of a fissure, past cliff-foot slopes pink with campion, down to a bright green field an eighth of a mile below, a field scattered with pairs of white blobs in two sizes: each pair a ewe and a lamb.

Such, then, is these cormorants' unusual view of the world. They look down on to no tossing ocean, but a pattern of fields and farms set among woods and sheep-walks. They have no shore-line to descend to for sea-weed for their nests; instead, they flutter up to the slopes above and waddle about the grass, gathering gorse-sticks, rushes and grass. There is no welcoming sea for the young to flop into at the end of their maiden flights. In fact, not a drop of water is visible from their ledges except the thin waving ribbon of the Dysynni stream glinting over its shallows on the far side of the valley. Only the shine of the sea six miles away reminds them of their true home. There they must travel for food unless they prefer to fish the estuary or go up to the mountain lakes.

The intrusion of your silhouette on to their rocky skyline is only a short-lived shock for the birds. If you keep still or are gentle about your movements, they soon forget you and return to their cormorantine ruminations or whatever goes on in their minds as they sit there day and night awaiting the emergence of skinny young from the three or four chalky eggs. Soon their mates come back, swinging into the cliff on half-closed wings, their primaries almost screaming with vibration. They alight amid a deep-voiced chorus something like "errug, errug, errug," primal sounds in keeping with birds that powerfully evoke the primitive and suggest the pterodactyl. Then there is silence. The incubating ones become restful again. One of the newcomers retches and vomits a fish on to a nest edge, but nobody wants it yet. Another hangs his wide wings and turns into the wind. For a long while there is no movement whatsoever. These silent,

still creatures grouped on their ledge might be a tableau in a museum depicting life groping from the reptiles towards the birds.

Then a wave of feeling travels through the colony. There is talking in high tones, falsetto croaks of contentment which rise to a crescendo of tremulous exclamations. And one after another the birds not on nest-duty dive outwards. The north wind, squarely hitting the face of the rock, sheers upwards, taking each bird with it. On long, shapely wings they ride the updraught together, and circle and play, dive and climb; and two go spiralling up and up and up till they are specks against the clouds. Nothing reptilian about them now. Their uprising is majestic, inspiring. Their descent is spectacular. They come down in a breathtaking corkscrew plunge and roar past to their ledge with a sound as if all their feathers were tearing. In a few moments, the ritual of greeting over, they are still and silent in their places, emotion forgotten. The hours pass, threaded with the same oscillating rhythm of peace and boisterousness. As the sun curves away into the north-west it begins to shine on to the nesting ledges, illuminating one bird after another in a golden light. And now you see the cormorants in their true colours: not black as they looked before, but brown and purple, green and blue. Now you not only see their white faces and thigh-patches but notice also that some still retain on their heads a few filament-like white plumes they developed in late winter. Only the smell is the same.

This is only a small colony as cormorant communities go, a mere 25 or 30 pairs. But it is historic; though how historic does not seem ever to have received the attention of serious researchers. That it goes back at least a few centuries is a matter of common agreement. But how one would like to be able to distil the truth out of the welter of conflicting local opinion concerning the cormorants' history over the last 60 or 70 years! For while some say there are as many in the colony as ever, others are quite emphatic about an enormous decrease and can recall that in their childhood days "thousands of cormorants nested on both faces of the Rock"; that is not only on the north but also on the much less precipitous west side. I expect that, as usual in such conflicts of opinion, the truth lies somewhere between, that there never were thousands, but that there was at some recent time a decrease. If so, what date more likely than about 30 years ago, until which time there was an important herring and mackerel fishery on this coast? If these fish decreased, might not the cormorants also have diminished as a result?

What of the future? The future does not look very bright for our cormorants, perhaps. For one thing, the old hatred of anglers for them is unlessened and rewards are still offered by some angling associations for cormorants' heads. Still, that hostility is one which cormorant populations could withstand if it were their only danger. But it is probably small compared with the threat of greatly increased pollution of the sea by oil resulting from the proposed new refineries on Milford Haven, a development which may affect all the sea-bird colonies of the Irish Sea. We shall probably be assured that our fears of pollution are groundless. But subsequent events have a way of giving the lie to such assurances.

CORRESPONDENCE

AN AQUATIC SQUIRREL

SIR,—Early in October I was fishing at the new reservoir at Sutton Bingham, near Yeovil, in Somerset, which has become quite a sanctuary for wild-fowl. I noticed a V-shaped formation of perhaps 30 teal swimming steadily across from the far bank directly towards me. They approached so near that I was afraid that they would disturb trout in my vicinity and waved my handkerchief at them, whereupon they veered off to one side.

Then I noticed at the point of the V, and as it were heading the convoy, what appeared to be an injured bird struggling along with head low down in the water and its back part protruding from the water. It came straight on within casting distance and, not wishing to prevent its reaching land, I stayed still, waiting to see it come ashore, which it did. It was a grey squirrel. Although the reservoir must be over 200 yards wide at that point, it did not seem exhausted. It paused for a moment and then ran on to a hedge in which are some oak trees.—T. S. BARTLETT, *Thornton, Bradford-road, Sherborne, Dorset.*

HENS OF LOW I.Q.

SIR,—I am glad that my letter about the friendship of a goose and a donke (October 3) inspired Mr. Dickinson to give us, in your issue of October 24, his far more interesting, not to say touching, story of the devotion of his dog for a one-legged pullet.

The fact that Hoppy used to lay her eggs in Biddy's kennel reminds me in turn of an *entente* rather than a friendship between a dog and a hen which happened many years ago in my home in Devon. The dog in question was an Irish retriever, by name Dash, who spent most of his time, when not on duty, at the end of a chain in the stable yard. The other party was one of the hens on the establishment which developed a habit of laying her eggs in Dash's kennel, but as soon as she emerged to announce the achievement Dash, who apparently looked upon the egg as rent for the use of his kennel, went in and ate it.

That Dash was a consenting party, if not an accessory, is, I think, certain, as I remember crossing the yard on a particularly cold wet windy day when Dash was sitting outside his kennel, shivering with cold and looking supremely unhappy while his friend the hen was sitting inside laying her egg. I suppose he thought that an egg for lunch was worth the discomfort. What the hen thought of her inability to accumulate enough eggs for a clutch I do not know; but I have a theory that nearly every hen is *non compos mentis*.

PORTRAIT OF THE THIRD EARL OF BURLINGTON, THE ARCHITECT AND CONNOISSEUR

See letter: A Portrait of Lord Burlington

At about the same time we had another hen which supported this theory. Looking about for a suitable site for her nest, she was attracted by the recess outside the cellar window opening on to the stable yard. It seemed well out of sight, and was moreover guarded by a stout iron grating; so she sat on the grating and, in the course of a few days, laid seven eggs which made a revolting mess outside the cellar window. She then proceeded to sit on the grating, and nothing would convince her that the task of hatching seven broken eggs by sitting on a grating five feet above them was beyond her powers.

She was certainly the world's greatest optimist. Everyone who passed hunted her off the grating without effect. She was even subjected to the water cure, which is supposed to discourage broody hens, but as soon as she was dry she was back on her grating. Eventually the powers that be passed sentence on her, and she disappeared into the kitchen to re-appear in the form of curry.—R. F. LOWIS, *Hollybank, Bracknell, Berkshire.*

A PORTRAIT OF LORD BURLINGTON

SIR,—The portrait a photograph of which I enclose has been in my mother's family for at least 120 years and probably a good deal longer. It measures 49 ins. by 40 ins. and seems to be in the original frame, which is surmounted by an Earl's coronet. I believe it to be a portrait of Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington, the architect and connoisseur.

In Hayden and Blunt's *Old Prints* (1956) there is a reproduction of a mezzotint by J. Faber after Kneller of a portrait of the third Earl of Burlington, which in subject and compositon bears an extremely close resemblance to my picture, though it is cut down below the left hand and the right hand is excluded. On consulting Lord Killanin's book on Kneller I find it suggested in the chapter on the Kit-Cat Club that portraits of Burlington and three others are missing from the Kit-Cat collection now in the National Portrait Gallery. Burlington, however, appears in the Faber folio, "though not numbered through in accordance with the series"; he comes between Nos. 15 and 16 (see page 78).

I gather that the Kit-Cat portraits are on uniform-sized canvases measuring 36 ins. by 27 ins. As I have said, Faber's mezzotint of the Burlington portrait is cut down, and I assume that this was done to keep the size of the essential features on the larger canvas (49 ins. by 40 ins.) in some sort of proportion with the standard Kit-Cat portraits. Killanin does not list the Burlington in his catalogue of some of Kneller's principal works.

What I am anxious to discover is whether the Kneller from which the mezzotint derived still exists and whether my portrait is an original or a copy. There is a family tradition that my portrait is by Kneller. I am no expert, but I do not feel that the painting is of great merit, though its poor condition is not helpful.

It may be worth adding that the house where my portrait has been for so long is in the south of County Durham, only 50 miles or so from York. Lord Burlington was Lord-Lieutenant of the West Riding and he received the freedom of the city of York in 1732 in return for various benefactions. If my portrait is not an original, is it possible that it may be a copy made for a member of the family or presented as an official portrait? Both in it and the mezzotint the Earl is wearing the star and ribbon of the Garter. He was made K.G. in 1730, seven years after Kneller's death, but possibly decorations were sometimes painted in later.—H. H. BROWN, *The Old Vicarage, South Charlton, Alnwick, Northumberland.*

[Mr. Kingsley Adams, Director of the National Portrait Gallery, whom we consulted, writes: "The only portrait of the third Earl of Burlington, similar to Mr. H. H. Brown's picture, of which we have a record was in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Devonshire House in 1865,

DEVICE FOR PLAYING A GAME, APPARENTLY SOME FORM OF ROULETTE

See letter: What was the Game?

when Sir George Scharf made a sketch of it in one of his sketch-books which we have. Scharf did not commit himself as to whether the portrait he sketched was by Kneller or not: all he states is 'in style of Kneller.' Curiously enough, we do not appear to have any mention of this portrait before or since that date.

"I do not think any portrait of him was ever in the series of Kit-Cat Club paintings. What seems likely to have occurred is that Faber made his engravings from the series in Tonson's possession and numbered them. Then possibly the Duke of Somerset considered that a few other people should be included in the series of engravings, and so four additional portraits were engraved by Faber with a numbering like that on the Burlington prints, that is, between two other numbers.

"Although Mr. Brown's portrait is in a fine contemporary frame, it does not appear to me, from the photograph, to be likely to be an original Kneller."

In the Devonshire Collection there is a portrait of the third Earl of Burlington by George Knapton, painted in 1743. This was included in the exhibition of English Taste in the 18th century at Burlington House, 1955-56. —ED.]

WHAT WAS THE GAME?

SIR,—The device of which I enclose a photograph has been associated with a local inn for many years, and is clearly a kind of vertical roulette. I believe it to be of French origin, as on the arms appear the word BREVETE and the letters S (or 5?) GDG.

It consists of a copper drum, 5¼ inches in diameter, on a cast-iron stand. Each of the 12 flaps covers a number stamped on the rim. When the drum is rotated by flicking one of the small handles, the flaps fall in turn exposing the numbers, which run thus: 10, 300, 50, 200, 80, 400, 90, 700, 60, 100, 20, 8,000 [*sic*]. When the drum stops one number remains uncovered, and presumably the object of the game is to back the anticipated number. As the drum spins freely and steadily, I imagine the chances were very even for any number.

The total height of the device is 11 inches, exclusive of the handles or knobs.

I should be interested to learn if anything is known about the game, including the period of its popularity, whether the equipment also included a cloth for placing the stakes, and, not least, the significance of the curious sequence of numbers.—H. E. GOUGH (Hon. Curator, Herne Bay Records Society), *Kent County Library, High-street, Herne Bay, Kent.*

CHAPEL INTO LEATHER STORE

SIR,—I have recently been given two interesting engravings of the Chapel of the Holy Trinity, Leadenhall, photographs of which I send you as additions to your correspondence on desecrated chapels (August 8 and 15). These engravings were published by R. Wilkinson, of 125, Fenchurch-street, in January, 1825. Judging by the costume, they were made from pictures of the 1740 period, when Leadenhall was a market for raw hides, meat, fish, herbs and wool.

In the picture of the interior the chapel appears to be in use as a store for hides. In the left foreground, near the scales, can be seen a pile of hides with horns attached; the man on the right, enjoying his quart, is seated on another heap. Where the altar would have been originally at the east end is a large press with turn-keys on each of its columns. The sadly dilapidated condition of the gable at the east end is visible in both pictures.

The chapel was dedicated to the Holy Trinity by Sir Simon Eyre, draper and Lord Mayor of London in 1445. In its heyday there were attached to it, for the daily service of the market people, a master, five secular priests, six clerks, two choristers and three schoolmasters, for whose support Sir Simon left 3,000 marks.

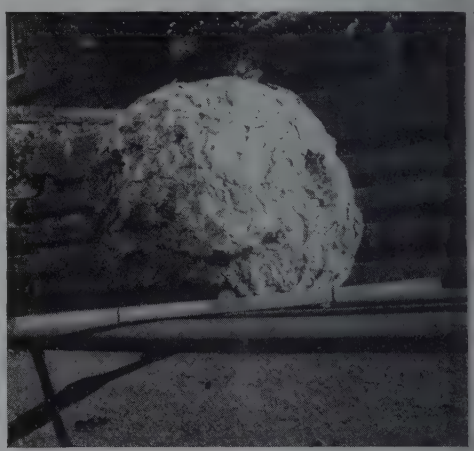
According to various authorities the chapel and the quadrangle, which can be seen through the archway on the right of the view of the exterior, were removed in 1814.—EDWARD H. PINTO, *Oxhey-drive, Northwood, Middlesex.*

A GIANT WASPS' NEST

SIR,—Recently I extracted the large wasps' nest of which I enclose a photograph from the attic in my father's house in Hartley Wintney, Hampshire. It is by far the largest nest I have seen, measuring about 18 ins. in diameter. It must have been there for several years.

When this nest was removed, a new smaller nest about the size and shape of a large thumb was disclosed attached to the rafter behind.

Does any reader know if this indicates that the main nest had reached its maximum size and capacity, and that an annexe was being constructed for the overflow, or is there no limit to the size of these nests?—R. C. SEWELL (Lt.-Cdr., R.N.) *Hartley Wintney, Hampshire.*



A WASPS' NEST, 18 INS. IN DIAMETER, FOUND IN AN ATTIC AT HARTLEY WINTNEY, HAMPSHIRE

See letter: A Giant Wasps' Nest

FRIENDLY SOCIETY RULES

SIR,—With reference to recent correspondence on friendly societies, your readers may like to know that a history and description, *The Friendly Societies in Herefordshire*, was published in the *Transactions of the Woolhope Club* for 1948 and 1949. (The address of the Woolhope Club, which is the Herefordshire Natural History and Archaeological Society, is c/o the City Library, Broad-street, Hereford.) Here will be found an account of their development, with notes on their rules, customs, fees and benefits, from the middle of the 18th century until they were almost extinguished, first by the large national societies and later by the National Health scheme. There was at least one in every village in Herefordshire, as in certain Midland counties.

The many and various rules seem amusing to-day, and include regulations for taking refreshment and for behaviour in many ways. Every member present at the monthly meetings had to drink his share of beer from the same cup when it was brought in by the steward, so that all had an equal share; a member bringing his own cup was fined. Each member paid 2d. towards this beer.

All club meetings were held in the local inns until the second quarter of the 19th century, when a club was formed at Linton, near Ross-on-Wye; all its meetings were held on unlicensed premises and no intoxicants were to be drunk. Usually a box was kept for holding the monthly contributions, donations and fines, for which three keys were provided, held by the father, or president, and the two stewards.

At one society no one who had not had smallpox could be admitted; at nearly all a man who joined the militia or the army was expelled, and

ENGRAVINGS, DATED 1825, OF THE CHAPEL OF THE HOLY TRINITY, LEADENHALL. (*Left*) **The interior of the chapel, with a pile of hides, scales and press.** (*Right*) **The exterior, with a view of the quadrangle through an arch**

See letter: Chapel into Leather Store

quarrelling, talking politics, using abusive words, non-attendance at the meetings or failure to attend a deceased member's funeral without good cause were all punished by fines.

There were at one time nearly 140 local societies in Herefordshire; of these only three remain. The women's branch (there was also a men's branch at one time) of the Much Marcle Friendly Society, founded in 1755, still flourishes and is believed to be the oldest women's society in England. The members march to church every year on the day of the annual meeting. At Fownhope the men's society also keeps its anniversary feast, preceded by a procession to church, when every man carries a staff decorated with flowers—a most picturesque sight.

TOBACCO JAR OF LEAD ORNAMENTED WITH BEARDED HEADS

See letter: Lead Jars for Tobacco

The usual date of the anniversary feasts was May 29, and on this day the villages were on holiday, as after dinner the remainder of the time was given up to sports and dancing. I well remember these occasions in Warwickshire some 70 years ago. Members not attending church were fined.

The benefits varied only slightly among the different societies, and included sick pay, doctor's attendance, funeral expenses of a member's family or his own, and a pension after so many years' membership.

It is a pity that some use was not made of these societies when the National Health service was inaugurated, for when they were well managed, as the majority were, there was a good foundation to be built upon, and they encouraged self-help, independence and loyalty to one's neighbours.

There is a fine collection of brass-headed staves from Somerset in the Taunton Castle Museum. Hereford Museum has one from the men's club at Much Marcle.—F. C. MORGAN, 267, *Upper Ledbury-road, Hereford.*

KEEPING OUT THE DAMP

SIR,—With reference to your leading article of October 24, *The Durability of Country Houses*, I lived for some years in a country house which was built by one of the Reptons in 1829 of yellow brick. This house was somewhat similar to Sheringham Hall, in Norfolk, though not quite so large.

After a time it was covered with stucco in a vain endeavour to keep the rain out. In 1858 it was given an outer skin of red mathematical weather tiles, and has never suffered from wet weather since.—H. W. BOTHAMLEY, *Nynehead Court, Wellington, Somerset.*

LEAD JARS FOR TOBACCO

SIR,—I was interested in the article by Mr. A. Graham Jackson, *Lead Jars for Tobacco*, in your issue of October 17. The enclosed photograph shows a tobacco jar in my possession. The Director of the Leicester Museum considered it to be of 19th-century date and thought that the heads might have been inspired by mediæval bellarmine jugs. — G. BILLSON, *Church Farm, Warehorne, Ashford, Kent.*

EARLY BLOOMING OF IRIS STYLOSA

SIR,—For over 30 years our *Iris stylosa* has always begun to bloom by November 11. This year the first flower appeared on October 10, and within a week there were more than a dozen flowers out on various clumps.

Can you explain how it is that these flowers have suddenly started to bloom so much before their usual time? I had very few flowers last winter and no white ones at all.—GRACE C. W. CLARKE, *The Abbey, Cranbrook, Kent.*

[We have noticed *Iris stylosa* flowering early in many places, and such plants as rhododendrons, summer viburnums and the wild dogwood, *Cornus sanguinea*, have been reported flowering greatly out of season. Clearly this is due to the vagaries of the weather this year. *Iris stylosa* is a plant which needs an annual baking. Last year the persistent cold wet weather denied it this, while this year it was baked in the very hot, dry spell of early summer, much earlier than usual.—ED.]

CANAL BELOW A CASTLE

SIR,—A picturesque corner of Skipton, Yorkshire, though little known save to residents, is where the old canal winds round the base of the castle. My photograph shows a section of the canal which actually links up with the former castle moat. Here, however, the towering castle rock has given place to quaint little buildings which effectively conceal the waterway as it carries barge-loads of lime through the old town.—G. B. WOOD, *Rawdon, Leeds, Yorkshire.*

BURNING PEAT

SIR,—The following information may interest your correspondent (October 24), who complains that his peat burns too quickly.

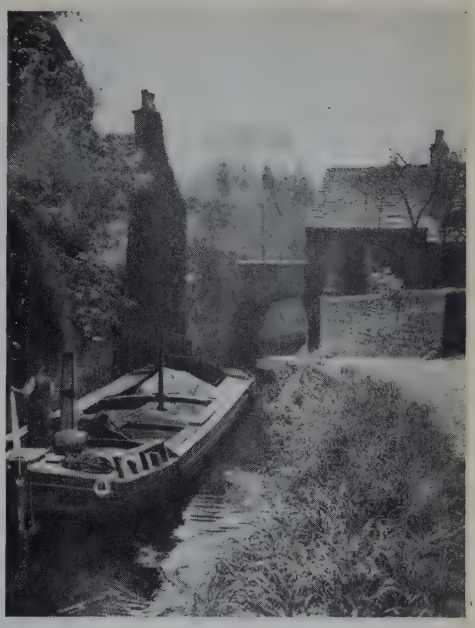
Domestic users here in Ireland start their fires with the peat that is light in colour and weight, and bank the fire up with the dark heavy peat. Naturally, the latter is in more general use; the light peat, or turf as it is called in this country, is of less value and probably comes from near the surface of the turf bog.

Regarding the relative merits of coal and peat as fuel, at the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in Dublin in September, it was pointed out that the heat content of one volume of coal is equivalent to that of six volumes of peat.—A. H. HAMILTON, *Ochiltree, Marble Hill, Port na Blagh, Co. Donegal, Eire.*

SUIT OR SYMBOL?

SIR,—Considering the universal employment of playing-cards for many centuries, it is perhaps surprising that the symbols of the four suits in the pack of cards have not been used more widely as decorative motifs.

Two instances, however, occur to me. One of them is the well-known mediæval Old Card House at Ashburton, Devon, the slate-hung façade of which is patterned, as my photograph shows, with the four suits—clubs, diamonds, hearts and spades. The other is the panel above a fireplace at Poltimore Farm, near Honiton. Besides the date 1583 and the initials TH, GH and AH, it has hearts and diamonds, shields, a rectangle and two curious symbols for which I can offer no explanation. They would not appear to correspond with any of the suits used in earlier centuries and in other European countries, such as cups, swords and bells. Can any reader say whether these two unexplained shapes are early forms of the club and spade?—CECIL FRENCH, 26, *Fairfield-avenue, Whipton, Exeter.*



THE OLD CANAL WINDING THROUGH THE TOWN OF SKIPTON IN YORKSHIRE

See letter: Canal Below a Castle

THE GURKHAS' RECORD

From Lieut.-Gen. Sir Francis Tuker

SIR,—Your heading to Mr. Spring's review of my book, *Gorkha*, in your issue of October 17, reads *The Blood-stained Gurkha Record.*

On p. 157 of my book I quote Sir Henry Lawrence, Resident in Nepal, writing in the 1840s: "The Gurkhas are the best masters I have seen in India. Neither in the Terai nor in the Hills have I witnessed or heard of a single act of oppression since I arrived a year and a half ago, and a happier peasantry I have nowhere seen." Conditions, we know, have not changed since then.

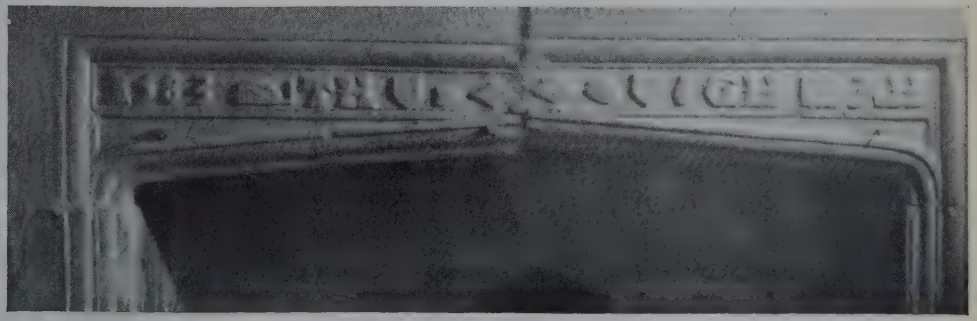
As these conditions presumably existed from 1816 onwards—the end of the Nepal War—your heading to Mr. Spring's review is certainly not applicable.—F. S. TUKER, *Bosilliac, Mawnan Smith, Falmouth, Cornwall.*

[We are now satisfied that our headline gave a misleading impression of General Tuker's book, and of the forces he has commanded with such distinction, and we offer him our apologies.—ED.]

STUMPS ON THE SHORE

SIR,—With reference to the letter in your issue of October 10 about submerged forests, there is a wonderful fossilised forest to be seen from the cliffs to the east of Lulworth Cove, in Dorset. One looks down to a ledge, just above the sea, where there are huge blackened tree stumps, hollowed out large enough to hold three seated people at a time.

I believe the cliffs from which we looked down 20 years ago are now War Office property, so I cannot tell if it is still possible to walk there at times. But it is well worth a visit to see this wonderful prehistoric forest by the sea's edge.—CLAUDIA REED, *Richmond Hill, Bath, Somerset.*



THE OLD CARD HOUSE AT ASHBURTON, DEVON, THE SLATE-HUNG FACADE OF WHICH IS PATTERNED WITH PLAYING-CARD SYMBOLS. (*Right*) PLAYING-CARD AND OTHER SYMBOLS ON A TUDOR FIREPLACE AT POLTIMORE FARM, HONITON

See letter: Suit or Symbol?

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NEW BOOKS

PAINTINGS, LIGHT AND LANDSCAPE

BOOKS published by Messrs. Thames and Hudson can usually be distinguished by their sumptuous production and skilful preparation, and any one of four just published would add to the credit of a giver of Christmas presents.

The most ambitious is *The Picture History of Painting: From Cave Painting to Modern Times*. The price on the jacket is four guineas, but the publishers ingeniously offer a discount of half a guinea to those who buy the book before the end of the year. It has 320 pages and more than 500 illustrations, 103 of them in colour. They have been chosen with an enthusiasm and an imaginative sweep that deserve high praise, and the fidelity of the reproduction is generally excellent. The authors of the text, H. A. Janson and Dora Jane Janson, are evidently American, and they have the defects of their qualities. They are industrious and knowledgeable, but in attempting to write simply they sometimes descend to the naive. They do not even mention the English water-colour school, and one wonders how some of their comments on contemporary painting will read in a hundred years' time. For example, writing of the Dutch painter Piet Mondrian, whose *Broadway Boogie-Woogie* (which looks like a collection of model ship's flags laid out on a modern kitchen table) is chosen for reproduction, they say he was

> the strictest and most "architectural" of all abstract painters. His pictures are composed entirely of solid squares or rectangles, and all the lines have to go either straight up and down or across. Now one might think that a language with such a small "vocabulary" cannot possibly say a great deal, but our painting proves that this need not be true at all; in fact, it has a spine-tingling liveliness unmatched by any other picture in this book.

Again, of Paul Klee's *Park near Lucerne*, which looks like the unsteady doodling of a child with its first box of crayons, they write:

> These seemingly simple forms, like simple words used by a great poet, sum up a wealth of experiences and sensations: the innocence and gaiety of young flowering trees along with the clipped orderliness peculiar to captive plant life in a park.

How the cavemen of Altamira would laugh if they could awake from their 20,000-year-old sleep to read such solemn rubbish! It is only fair to say that the Jansons do not often get so far out of their depth.

British Museum Treasures

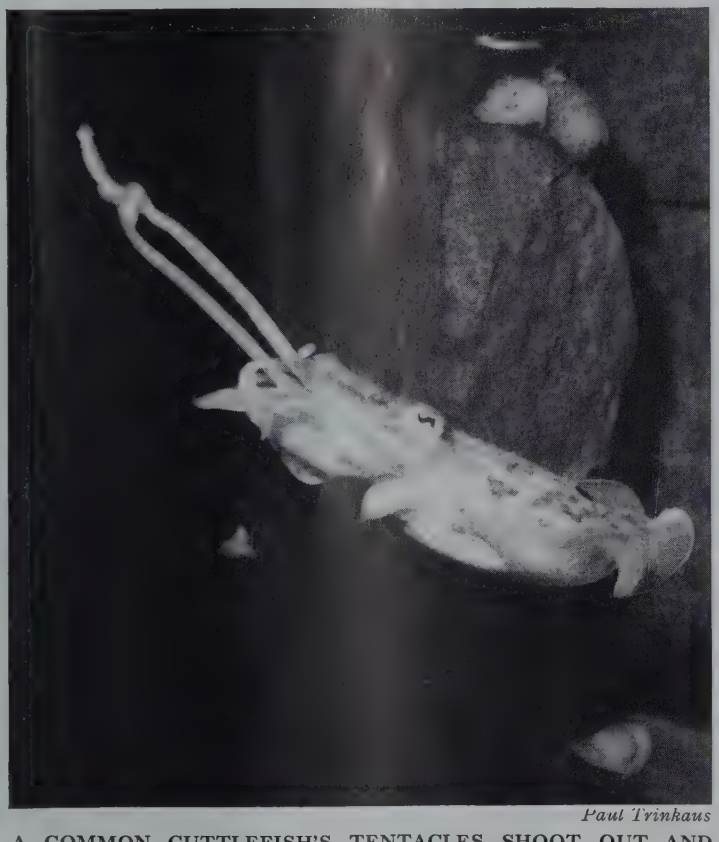
Geoffrey Grigson is a critic of another calibre altogether. Whether he is writing about wild flowers, the Stone Age, painting, sculpture or poetry, he has the poise, assurance and thrustfulness of a skilled swordsman, and he is a lord of the apt word. In a long experience of the British Museum he has made a mental list of objects that "refuse not to be known." He describes them and combines with them an account of the Museum's history in *Art Treasures of the British Museum* (£3 3s.). The selection is, of course, arbitrary and at times perhaps even wayward, but here indeed is "spine-tingling liveliness," immensely stimulated by Edwin Smith's masterly photographs—153 of them, and six in colour. Sir Thomas Kendrick, Director of the Museum, writes an appreciative foreword which lays down very firmly what the duties of those who control such vast collections should be. "Making them attractive for ordinary inspection," he says, "is not by any means our top priority task. . . . Opinions among the staff would differ, but most of us would say that we have all the time at least three or four important things to do." If the ordinary inspector also should take a different view he will find solace for his ruffled feelings in Mr. Grigson's skilled guidance.

200 Pictures

He and Mr. Edwin Smith are associated on more familiar ground in *England* (£2 10s.), a picture book containing eight plates in colour and 192 in black and white photogravure. Mr. Grigson contributes an eloquent and illuminating essay on the English scene, as well as notes on the illustrations. A few of the pictures—usually of long-distance views without a point of repose, such as those of Llantilis, Halvergate Marshes, Goss Moor and the drystone wall on Mam Tor—are indifferent, but most of them, whether architectural, landscape, interiors, or details of sculpture, are first rate. Mr. Smith has a fine sense of composition, and seems to revel in the vagaries of English light. The bright clarity of some of his prints (for example, Chepstow, Cumberland-terrace and Salisbury Cathedral), and the contrasting depth of others (Fotheringhay and Hardwick Hall) have hardly, if ever, been surpassed in photogravure reproduction, and the study of Brighton Beach is a little masterpiece.

Lavish Illustrations

The handsomest book of the four, both in point of size and the lavishness and purity of its 59 photographic illustrations, is *Greece in Colour* (£5 5s.). Lord Kinross writes a short introduction, in which he makes the point that it is a mistake to separate Greek history into a remote past and unrelated present. "The Greek sense of wholeness," he says, "makes little distinction between present and past," and the same sense of continuity underlines both the choice of subject and the presentation of the late R. G. Hoegler's superb plates. Their warmth and sparkle, the texture of marble and stone, the drowsy scent of olive groves, can almost be felt. Above all, they convey that sense of all-pervading light that no visitor to Greece ever forgets. It is this aspect in particular, and its effect on generations of distinguished travellers, that Professor Kerényi stresses in his scholarly introduction. F. W.



Paul Trinkaus

A COMMON CUTTLEFISH'S TENTACLES SHOOT OUT AND SEIZE A SMALL HERRING: an illustration in *Kingdom of the Octopus*, reviewed on this page

THE WORLD OF THE OCTOPUS

FRANK W. LANE has two outstanding gifts as a populariser of natural history. He is tirelessly industrious in collecting and checking his information, and he has developed an unusual skill in presenting it attractively. He tells us that he has spent four years and exchanged more than 5,000 letters in preparing *Kingdom of the Octopus* (Jarrolds, 30s.), and that the proofs have been checked by more than 100 readers, most of them professional scientists. He chose the octopus family as his subject not only because of its intrinsic interest, but because it has been strangely neglected by other writers. No comprehensive book has been written about it, in fact, since Henry Lee, of the Brighton Aquarium, published *The Octopus: or the "Devil Fish" of Fiction and of Fact*, in 1875, although much new information has come to light since then. Mr. Lane seems to have made a clean sweep of it all, and has produced a book of enduring value. The layman will be captivated by the description of personal experiences with which it abounds, and the marine biologist should welcome it for its unique photographs and its 32-page bibliography.

THE ROMANCE OF COACHING

TRAVELLING by coach must have been supremely uncomfortable—the early start, the gobbled meals, the stuffiness of the inside, the coldness of the outsides with no feeling in one's toes. Yet it must have been pleasant too, that cutting through the air at the incredible rate of eleven miles an hour; and above all it was, as we know from the great writing on it, supremely romantic. No one is more conscious of that romance than Mr. N. C. Selway, a great collector and authority on the aquatints of James Pollard, of which he has made a book, *The Regency Road: the Coaching Prints of James Pollard* (Faber, 4 guineas). Mr. Selway is a perfect Bradshaw of coaching timetables, so that he can tell for certain that it was at the White Horse at Hockliffe, near Dunstable, that Tom Brown had his early purl before that gorgeous breakfast of kidneys and pigeon pie at the Saracen's Head at Towcester.

This book is, I venture to think, quite enchanting and has a pleasant introduction by James Laver. The coaches themselves are things of such beauty, especially the mails with their maroon bodies and the royal cypher in gold; and Pollard is so cheerful and spirited. Even in a snowdrift, or a flood, or against a frightful black thundercloud on Newmarket Heath he makes coaching seem delightful. Mr. Selway's notes to each plate are full of fascinating facts, such as the run of the Manchester coach, from 5 a.m. to 11 p.m., 186 miles in 18 hours. Yet this was not the record: on May Day, 1830, the Independent Tally-Ho covered 109 miles to Birmingham, at an average of 14½ miles an hour—hard galloping all the way.

It was a much prized privilege to drive with Hell-fire Dick on the Cambridge Telegraph; a more alarming one on the Wonder from Birmingham to Shrewsbury with Sam Hayward. "The entrance to the Lion yard was up a steep hill. Hayward galloped up the hill, turned the horses in their own length and drove at a trot into the yard, with an inch to spare. 'I think I'll get off,' said a nervous passenger. 'You be d——d' answered Hayward, springing his team up the hill." The archway is still there to make one sympathise with that passenger. B. D.

CALLING ALL WOMEN

IN whatever direction a woman's fancy may from time to time turn, she will almost certainly find something gratifying and satisfying in *Woman's Own Book of Pleasure* (Hurst and Blackett, 21s.). It provides not only pleasurable but also instructional reading, for in addition to fiction and articles on a great variety of themes of feminine interest, there are home hints, cooking and dress ideas and beauty tips. It is, however, by no means a publication for women by only women, although a number of well-known ones, including Monica Dickens, contribute. Many famous men, such as W. Somerset Maugham, Beverley Nichols, A. J. Cronin and Eric Linklater, rush in where angels are meant to read, and it needs a man, of course, to declare what makes a woman attractive. This Jimmy Drawbell courageously does with the confession that there is no more appreciative eye than his own. *Seven Ways to Charm a Man* is, perhaps wisely, written anonymously.

Freemasons already owe much to Bernard E. Jones for his scholarly *Freemasons' Guide and Compendium*. He has now placed them still further in debt by his *Freemasons' Book of the Royal Arch* (Harrap, 27s. 6d.). Mr. Jones is a true historian; that is to say, he goes to first sources, is scrupulously fair in presenting the evidence, and has no axes to grind in drawing his conclusions. These qualities are of special value in discussing the history and symbolism of the Royal Arch degree, which are in part vague and highly controversial. No one will ever know the whole story, but it can be said with confidence that no one has come nearer to revealing it than Mr. Jones.

SIX CENTURIES OF KNITTING

By SYLVIA GROVES

KNITTING is one of the most widely spread of all domestic crafts, and is so ancient in origin that little is known of its early history. Examples of clothing found in Coptic tombs indicate that fine knitting was a well-established art in the 4th and 5th centuries. The Arabs, who were expert knitters, used the process for making carpets and wall-hangings, and it is probable that Arab traders, travelling from country to country, first taught the peoples of the Mediterranean lands to knit, the knowledge of the craft spreading gradually to the West.

Evidence suggests that in early days the working thread was held in the left hand and that the needles used were hooked at one end like modern crochet hooks. Though implements of this type are, even now, not entirely obsolete, there is little doubt that by the Middle Ages straight-pointed needles had come into general use. In this connection the 14th-century painting, *The Visit of the Angels* (Fig. 1), which once formed part of the altar of Buxtehude Abbey, is of particular interest. Here it will be seen that the Madonna is picking up the stitches round the neck of a garment, and the needles and the method of working are the same as those used to-day. The fact that more than one thread is being employed also indicates that at the time the picture was painted patterned knitting with different colours was an established practice in Europe.

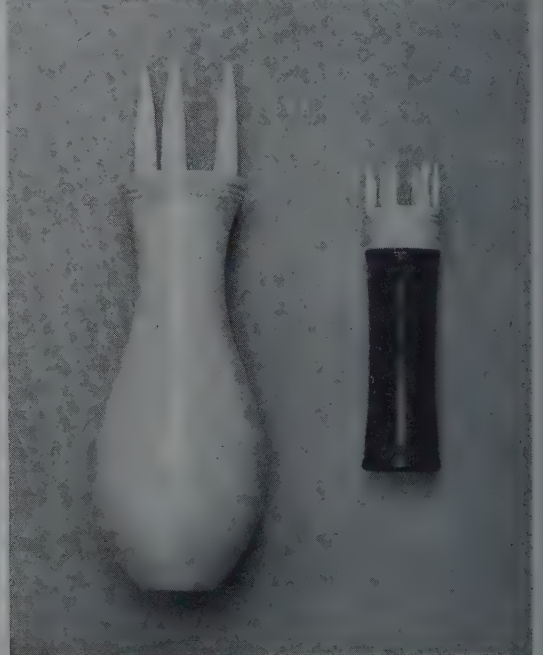
In Britain, as in many other northern countries, it was among the wool-producing populations that knitting first developed into a highly skilled craft, and it is significant that the earliest references to knitting, which begin to appear about Henry VII's reign, concern warm and useful garments such as caps and petticoats. Among the objects listed in the first museum catalogue to be published in England, in 1656, are "Edward the Confessor's Knit Gloves"; this entry must, however, be read with some reserve.

In mediæval days knitting was largely a masculine occupation. A man was required to serve an apprenticeship of six years before submitting his masterpiece to entitle him to full membership of his guild. A carpet by a master knitter might contain as many as 12 colours, while shirts and coats of silk and metal threads patterned with fruits and flowers, in purl and other raised stitches, rivalled those made from the richest brocades. Much knitting was also done in the home, often as an alternative to weaving, each family having its own samplers of patterns which were handed down from one generation to another. Occasionally designs were made out in the form of charts with symbols to indicate the various stitches. Written directions are a comparatively modern introduction; they would, indeed, have been of little use in an age when few people could read.

As most households were dependent on the clothing that they could themselves produce, speed in those days was of primary importance, and it was this fact that brought into use the knitting sheath, an implement worn on the right hip, tucked into the belt or apron string. Its purpose was to support the needle usually held in the right hand. At the top end of the sheath a hole was bored, approximately an inch in depth, and in this the needle was inserted. The fingers of the right hand now being completely free could be held immediately over the points of the needles where they took over and manipulated the working thread much more rapidly than was possible with the older method. Knitting sheaths, which may be of wood, metal or porcelain, were in general use in England and on the Continent until late-Victorian times.

Other devices used instead of a sheath were a truss of straw, a small leather pouch attached to the belt, or sometimes a piece of felt with a hole in it that could be pinned on to the clothing near the right hip. It will be noted that in Fig. 2 two of the sheaths are carved at the lower end in the form of a chain terminating in a hook. When the implement was in position this chain was taken round at the back of the wearer and the hook was inserted in the work as soon as it was long enough in order to give the right "pull," the position of the hook being changed as the work grew. In Yorkshire a metal hook was

1.—THE MADONNA PICKING UP STITCHES ROUND THE NECK OF A GARMENT IN *THE VISIT OF THE ANGELS*, BY THE MASTER BERTRAM, PAINTED ABOUT 1390. **The needles and manner of working are the same as those used to-day, and the use of more than one thread suggests patterned knitting in different colours**



2.—WOODEN KNITTING SHEATHS, WHICH WERE WORN ON THE RIGHT HIP AND HELD A NEEDLE. THEIR USE INCREASED THE SPEED OF KNITTING BY FREEING THE RIGHT HAND TO MANIPULATE THE THREAD. **At the bottom is a case for needles with a long slit through which the knitting could protrude.** (*Right*) 3.—IVORY IMPLEMENT FOR PEG-KNITTING, PROBABLY USED FOR MAKING GIRDLES, AND (*right*) EARLY-18th-CENTURY IMPLEMENT FOR MAKING A FINER CORD

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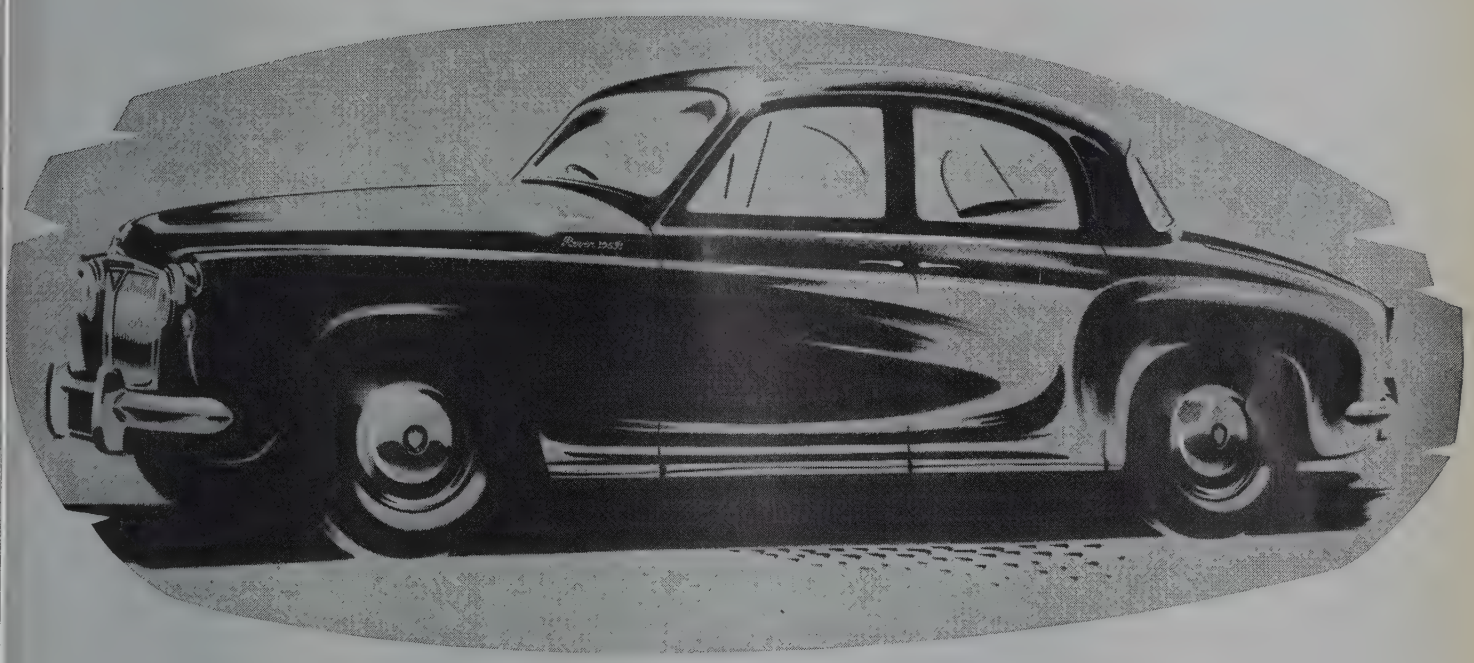

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4.—PIN-BALLS KNITTED WITH COLOURED SILKS, MADE TO SWING FROM THE WAIST. The right-hand example has the date 1744. (*Right*) 5.—MULTI-COLOURED BEAD-KNITTING AS AN OUTSIDE COVER FOR A BOX. In bead-knitting a bead is pushed through the loop of every stitch

made for this purpose, either attached to the belt or tied on to a piece of tape that was wound round the waist and tightened as required. To prevent the work from slipping off the needles when it was laid aside cylindrical boxes of wood, bone or ivory were used, unscrewing at one end and having a long central opening through which the knitting could protrude.

Another and entirely different method of working adopted at this period was known as peg-knitting. It survives to-day mainly among schoolchildren, who may occasionally be seen with a reel or hollow cork round the top of which a row of tin-tacks has been set. The first loops are made by twisting the working thread once round each tack; the loops are then lifted in turn, with a crochet hook or bent nail, over the working thread and over the top of the tack. Old implements for peg-knitting may be finely carved from ivory, bone, horn or wood. Some have as few as three pegs, as the ivory example in Fig. 3, probably once used for making girdles in a monastery; others have fifty or more for making caps, bags and pockets. Large garments were made on a strip of board with the two rows of pegs facing each other across a central slit.

Knitted stockings were seldom seen in this country before the reign of Elizabeth I; hose generally consisted of pieces of cloth shaped and sewn together. Henry VIII is known to have obtained an occasional pair of knitted stockings from Spain or Italy. Queen Elizabeth was given a pair by her silkwoman and is said to have declared them to be so comfortable that she would henceforth wear no other kind. By the end of the 16th century, however, both silk and worsted hose were being knitted in England, and in 1589 William Lee, of Nottinghamshire, a scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, invented the stocking-frame. This was an ingenious mechanical device, the forerunner of the modern knitting machine, on which he wove not only stockings but waistcoats and other garments, thus arousing the bitter opposition of the hand knitters, who feared that their livelihood might be threatened.

Unable to obtain any support for his invention in England, he settled in France, but here again he met with frustration, and he is said to have died in Paris, in 1610, of a broken heart. The acceptance of his machine was nevertheless only a matter of time: in 1663 the Company of Framework-knitters received their Charter from Charles II and the foundations of the machine knitting industry were thus firmly laid in this country.

In the meantime hand-knitting continued to flourish. Both men and women gossiped over their needles as they jogged their way to market; shepherds knitted as they guarded their flocks; Celia Fiennes, in an account of her journey through East Anglia in 1698, speaks of the country lanes "where you mete the ordinary people knitting 4 or 5 in a company under the hedges." For those with leisure patterned knitting in coloured silks and gold and silver threads had become a pleasant occupation, while even more decorative was the highly skilled form of work known as bead-knitting. This is not the same as beaded knitting used for the ornamentation of silk bags and purses, where steel or other beads strung on the working thread are moved up at intervals to lie between the stitches. In bead-knitting a single bead is pushed through the loop of every stitch; the front surface of the work is thus entirely composed of beads and, if joins are to be avoided, the complete pattern must be threaded row by row before knitting commences.

A remarkable example of multi-coloured bead-knitting may be seen in Fig. 5. It is seamless, having been made on three or more needles to fit the outside of the leather-covered box; some idea of the fineness of the work may be obtained from the fact that it is knitted at a tension of no less than 26 stitches or beads to the inch.

By the middle of the 18th century yet another era was dawning in the history of knitting. The new light-coloured prints and muslins that were being imported in increasing quantity from the East had brought with them a fashion for white stockings, socks and gloves. They were made in linen and cotton yarns, on steel needles "blued" in the centre to show up the white stitches. As the century progressed cotton knitting became more and more popular. The heavy duty imposed on foreign laces encouraged the use of knitted trimmings of all kinds; patterns grew increasingly intricate and stitches smaller and finer. Collars and cuffs, mittens, scarves, bonnets and fichus were made in quantity in delicate lace-like designs throughout the Georgian period (Fig. 6). This was the heyday of knitting, for, whereas silk had been only for the few, cotton was within the reach of almost everyone's purse.

The gradual introduction of the Jacquard Loom in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign marked the decline of white knitting, for machine-made laces and trimmings in great variety began to appear in the shops.

6.—FINE EXAMPLE OF WHITE COTTON KNITTING, AN ART WHICH FLOURISHED THROUGHOUT THE GEORGIAN PERIOD

Although there is a great deal of fine work to be found among the doyleys and bedspreads made in Victorian days, stitches were as a rule coarser and patterns less intricate. Factory-made garments were also becoming readily and cheaply obtainable, so that speed was no longer of primary importance in home knitting; the knitting sheath therefore went out of fashion. A domestic magazine of the 1870s contains an illustration of one of the new home knitting-machines on which, it states, a pair of woollen socks could be made in twenty-five minutes.

Nevertheless, despite the impact of machinery, hand knitting continued to flourish and the rhythmical movement of the needles retains to this day its age-old fascination.

In the various wool-growing districts of this country the cottage knitters still happily follow their highly skilled trade, and if we may no longer see, as Celia Fiennes did, "ordinary people" knitting in a company under the hedges, there is as yet no evidence that the uses and pleasures of this ancient craft are likely to diminish in the centuries that lie ahead.

Illustrations: 1, *The Art Gallery, Hamburg;* 2 *to* 6, *the author's collection.*

A CAUSERIE ON BRIDGE

HALT SIGN

By M. HARRISON-GRAY

THIS week's causerie is concerned with a hardy annual. Take a couple of masters with widely differing styles and enter them as a pair in a big tournament. What sort of results are they likely to produce? Is it safe, for instance, to draw deductions from this year's Master Pairs, when the first three places were filled by three virtually brand-new partnerships?

Boris Schapiro and I, playing together for the first time since 1947 without a semblance of a misunderstanding, would have won that event but for a scoring error. This can happen, we know; but you can be sure that on the next occasion, by the law of averages, you are due for a series of severe headaches. In other words, it all depends on whether you are lucky enough to avoid the problem hands.

In the recent 24-nation tourney for the *British Bridge World* Cup the cards seemed bedevilled from the start. Put yourself in Schapiro's place on our very first board. As West, you hold:

♠ J ♡ A 10 ◇ A J 10 9 5 2 ♣ J 8 6 2

South deals and opens with Three Spades, his side only being vulnerable. You hazard Four Diamonds. Pass on your left, Four No-Trumps from your partner, pass on your right, and it is up to you. Is East bent on a slam, or is he merely suggesting that Four No-Trumps is a good playable spot at match points scoring? Having made up your mind, you can study the full deal:

	♠ 3 ♡ Q 9 8 7 4 3 ◇ 8 3 ♣ A K 10 7	
♠ J ♡ A 10 ◇ A J 10 9 5 2 ♣ J 8 6 2	N W E S	♠ A K 10 9 ♡ 6 5 2 ◇ K 6 4 ♣ Q 9 5
	♠ Q 8 7 6 5 4 2 ♡ K J ◇ Q 7 ♣ 4 3	

Dealer, South. North-South vulnerable.

We were unlucky, of course, to be up against the only South player who saw fit to open with a Three-bid at adverse vulnerability; had we been able to double, he would have lost 800 in spite of the help provided by his dummy. But let us face West's problem.

East's bid of Four No-Trumps, if conventional, would be the Culbertson version; it shows rather more than the standard two Aces and King of partner's suit, for he knows that West's strength is limited by his failure to overcall with Four Clubs. (We had agreed to use the "lower minor" defence to Three-bids.) Thus, if West is in any doubt, he can safely pass; a slam might be missed, but Four No-Trumps will be a playable contract. If he feels sure that the bid is conventional, the routine reply is Five No-Trumps to show his two Aces.

Either of these actions might have led to a fine result; I would naturally pass over Five No-Trumps, and it transpired later that eleven tricks had been made at several tables. In practice we scored three match points out of a possible 24. In his state of uncertainty West compromised with Five Diamonds, passed out and defeated by three rounds of Clubs.

This is where an unfamiliar partnership is liable to be found out, the situation being so rare that it will never come up in a preliminary confabulation. I have never discussed it, in fact, with my more regular partners, but in their case a knowledge of one's general style would save the day. When shown the West hand, various guinea-pigs read the bid of Four No-Trumps as natural, for the following reasons.

First, unless it can be passed, East-West must either miss a game or incur a minus score; that, of course, is absurd. But, you may say, how is East to investigate a slam if he is barred from bidding Four No-Trumps conventionally? Suppose his hand is this:

♠ A 9 2 ♡ J 9 8 5 2 ◇ K 8 7 4 ♣ A

The answer, if you think of it, is fairly simple. There is no need to bid a Culbertson Four No-Trumps in order to show two Aces and the King of partner's suit; because, after West's limited bid of Four Diamonds, any sort of slam try must be based on this quota of high cards. With the above hand a bid of Four Spades would convey the same message without any possible ambiguity.

A conventional Four No-Trumps is thus an idle bid in this particular situation. Blackwood does not help; East is none the wiser after learning that West has two Aces, for there might still be no play for 12 tricks. Or again, East may pass over a response of Five Diamonds, only to find that the slam is a lay-down in spite of the missing Ace.

The problem of deciding whether Four No-Trumps is natural or conventional is most acute after a sequence such as this: One Spade—Three Diamonds; Three Hearts—Three No-Trumps; Four Hearts—Four No-Trumps. A simple rule is to insist that Four No-Trumps following a forcing take-out is always conventional; but once in a while, especially with a misfit, the only hope of a plus score is to stop in that contract. Here is a hand that I held recently in another pairs tournament:

♠ A K 8 7 5 2 ♡ A 8 5 4 3 ◇ ... ♣ 7 3

Suppose you are North, the dealer, the sequence having started with One Spade—Three Diamonds; Three Hearts—Three No-Trumps. You now make a "chance-giving" bid of Four Hearts; at this stage, for all partner knows, you might have two four-card suits, and his own hand could be something like this:

♠ J 10 ♡ K Q 9 ◇ A Q 10 7 2 ♣ A J 8

South comes forth with Four No-Trumps. Does this mean that he can now visualise a slam and is checking up on Aces? Or could it be that most of his strength is concentrated in the minors, so that the best chance of making ten tricks is to play the hand in Four No-Trumps?

As I said, a knowledge of your partner's style comes in handy. I was playing with Alan Truscott, who shuns ambiguous bids like the plague. If he held the hypothetical South hand shown above, which looks highly promising once Hearts are rebid, he would have made his intentions quite clear with a direct raise to Five Hearts, or a cue bid of Five Clubs that agrees Hearts by inference. The same point arises as on the hand from the *British Bridge World* Cup: unless Four No-Trumps is used on occasion in its natural sense, the partnership cannot stop in a makable contract. This was the full deal:

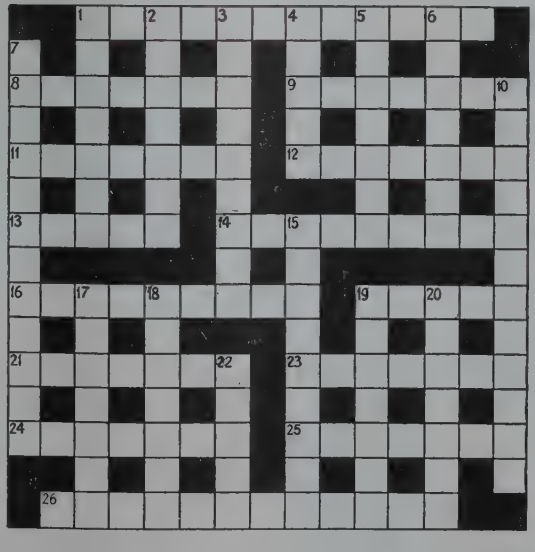
	♠ A K 8 7 5 2 ♡ A 8 5 4 3 ◇ ... ♣ 7 3	
♠ J 9 4 ♡ K J 9 7 6 ◇ K 4 3 ♣ 10 9	N W E S	♠ 10 6 3 ♡ 10 ◇ 10 9 6 ♣ A J 6 5 4 2
	♠ Q ♡ Q 2 ◇ A Q J 8 7 5 2 ♣ K Q 8	

The Ten of Clubs was led against the final contract of Four No-Trumps; East played low and the King won. The Ace and Queen of Diamonds followed; West won and made a well-intentioned switch to the King of Hearts. This got the Ace out of the way and ruined the run of the Spade suit, but Truscott made capital out of a development that might have proved embarrassing; he came to hand with the Queen of Hearts and reeled off his Diamond winners. At trick 10 each defender parted with a Spade, for West had to keep a Heart and East the Ace of Clubs; the Queen of Spades was then overtaken in dummy, and the Eight was good. South thus came to no fewer than 12 tricks.

As it happened, the overtricks were a wasted effort, for no other North-South pair returned a plus score. Five Diamonds is a rather lucky make, but no one attempted this contract; the next best result was one down in Four Spades. There was the usual reluctance to force on the South hand without a fit in the opener's suit, and the following was a popular sequence: One Spade—Two Diamonds; Two Hearts—Three No-Trumps; Four Hearts—pass. We can draw a veil over the sufferings of certain North players who ended up in a doubled slam call.

CROSSWORD No. 1449

COUNTRY LIFE books to the value of 3 guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 1449, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock-street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than *the first post on the morning of Wednesday, November 20, 1957*



Name.....
(MR., MRS., ETC.)
Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 1448. *The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of November 7, will be announced next week.*

ACROSS.—1, Rock cakes; 6, Sumac; 9, Irritants; 10, Renew; 11, Overall; 12, Outwear; 13 and 24, Eel Pie; 14, Franked; 17, Ethmoid; 19, Oppress; 22, Grimace; 25, Piggery; 26, Musette; 29, Agist; 30, Odalisque; 31, Essen; 32, Ebenezers. DOWN.—1, Rhino; 2, Curse; 3, Cat-walk; 4, Kindled; 5, Systole; 6, Stretch; 7, Minnesota; 8, Cowbridge; 14, Foot-plate; 15, Arpeggios; 16 and 18, Easter; 20, Everton; 21, Spyhole; 22, Gemmate; 23, Inspire; 27, Toque; 28, Evens.

ACROSS

1. Sinbad's route (anagr.) (12)
8. It might be called an association of beefeaters (7)
9. The wretch finishes up by having a quarrel (7)
11. This member of the family does some trampling (7)
12. Send a gratuity in: it may be for the vicar (7)
13. Round ends (5)
14. Fruit being offered to a Prime Minister? The skin only (5, 4)
16. The meeting for a fellow on the wheel (9)
19. One result of a good thrashing, though it is not to be taken seriously (5)
21. Queen Victoria was, but not the Prince Consort (7)
23. Made by the cuckoo when she lays her egg (7)
24. Cheap success for a lawyer? (7)
25. Ian would write his without an ending (7)
26. One can't pinch this in moving (12)

DOWN

1. "Our little —— have their day" —*Tennyson* (7)
2. They have their rubbers in churches (7)
3. Dan turned to this, but got turned out, it seems (9)
4. Theirs was a New World empire (5)
5. Three times three like me! How silly! (7)
6. Not good-looking (4, 3)
7. But those who do it don't break what they take (5, 3, 4)
10. Just a string-player's nonsense? (12)
15. What tragedy effects through pity and fear, according to Aristotle (9)
17. The country I regain after moving around (7)
18. But Adam wasn't when Eve tempted him (7)
19. Are bridge-players particularly subject to trouble of this kind? (7)
20. "Drop tears as fast as the —— trees
"Their med'cinable gum"
—*Shakespeare* (7)
22. Stimulating to the listener? (5)

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.

The winner of Crossword No. 1447 is

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Thrang Close,
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THE ESTATE MARKET

REDUCING DEATH DUTY

LANDOWNERS who subscribe to the view, which I quoted last week, of the Earl of Bradford, president of the Country Landowners' Association, that death duty levied on agricultural land is the greatest curse on our system of land tenure, and on agriculture as a whole, are constantly searching for legitimate means of lessening the impact of the duty. One of the ways left open hinges on the difference in value between land with possession and tenanted land.

Admittedly the margin between the market price of land with possession and land let to good tenants has narrowed considerably in recent months owing to the credit squeeze, which has made it increasingly difficult for intending farmers to raise the capital necessary to buy and equip a holding.

Nevertheless, there is still a considerable difference in the value of the two commodities, and it may be of interest to consider the action taken by the owner of a country estate who was anxious to make over one of his farms to a daughter, but who wished to continue farming it himself.

MR. X AND MRS. Y

THE landowner, Mr. X, took his problem to a solicitor, who, in due course, produced an outline scheme, the gist of which was as follows:

"In order to reduce the value of the property for stamp duty and death duty purposes, formal tenancy agreements of both the farm-house and the farm land must be granted before Mr. X transfers the property to his daughter, Mrs. Y. This arrangement ensures that the value of the gift is the value of the house and land subject to the tenancies, and not the value of the property with vacant possession. It also ensures that no death duty will be payable on the property if the donor lives for five years."

TRANSFER TO NOMINEE

IN order to enable the tenancy of the farm to be vested in the donor before the property was transferred to his daughter, the solicitor proposed that the land should first be transferred to a nominee, himself, and he would then grant a tenancy to Mr. X and, immediately this had been done, transfer the property to Mrs. Y, who would receive a fair rent from her father.

"It is important," continued the author of the scheme, "that the Revenue should not be able to attack the farm tenancy as being unduly favourable to one or other of the parties, and for this reason it seems best for the liability for repairs and compensation to rest mainly on the statutory provisions and regulations. It also has the incidental advantage of keeping the agreement short and simple, for it leaves the new landlord, who was already living in the house, liable for structural repairs, and her father, as tenant, liable for all other repairs, including the maintenance and repair of the roads on, and fences belonging to, the farm."

£100,000 FOR WESTMINSTER ESTATE

LORD BRADFORD, when commenting on the current, crippling rates of death duty, mentioned three estates—those of the Dukes of Westminster, Bedford and Devonshire—as being largely destroyed "in order to keep the machinery of Government ticking over for a few hours," and soon after he made this observation came the news that Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., acting for the executors of the late Duke of Westminster, had sold virtually all the outlying portions of the Melton Constable estate in North Norfolk for something over £100,000, most of the lots having been bought by the tenants either privately or at auction.

Another Norfolk property that changed hands the other day was the Grange Farm of 441 acres at Langley, which was offered under the hammer by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. and Messrs. R. C. Knight and Sons. The property, a corn and stock farm with extensive buildings and valuable marsh grazings, fetched £30,000, with a further £2,727 for the timber.

An agricultural property in Surrey that went well at auction the other day was portions of the Lynbrook estate near Woking, for all the lots offered except one were sold for a total of £20,350. The property, which was offered by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Weller and Co., covers 196 acres and includes a T.T. attested holding, blocks of farm land and accommodation land and four cottages.

HIGH PRICES FOR ESSEX COTTAGES

UNUSUALLY high prices were paid for cottages the other day when Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. auctioned part of the Wethersfield Manor estate, near Braintree, Essex, for one cottage realised £850 and others fetched close on £500 The sale, which dealt with the balance of the estate after the bulk of it had been sold privately to tenants, included also the manor and 30 acres of park land, which was sold for £5,000, and a farm of 112 acres, which brought in £4,150, excluding the timber.

From Messrs. C. M. Stanford and Son comes news of the sale of Lower Park, a Georgian-style house standing in 34 acres of timbered park land on the fringe of Dedham village, which lies in the Constable country on the borders of Essex and Suffolk. The price paid was £6,700.

Several farms in Kent have changed hands privately through Messrs. Burrows and Co. They include Moors Farm, of 239 acres, situated between Marden and Yalding in the Weald, Ham Lees, a farm of 160 acres, situated at Orlestone in Romney Marsh, and the oddly-named Castweazel Manor Farm, which covers 157 acres at Biddenden. Across the border, in East Sussex, the same agents have sold Church Farm, Westfield, which runs to 164 acres.

KEEN BIDDING EXPECTED

FARMS with possession in the Beaufort Hunt country are hard to come by, and it is probable that there will be keen bidding on December 17 when Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley and Messrs. Lear and Lear auction Donn Farm, of 287 acres, near Tetbury, Gloucestershire. The property, which was formerly part of the Westonbirt estate, includes a modern house, built in traditional Cotswold style, a cattle yard with a large number of boxes housing a herd of pedigree Ayrshires and accommodation for approximately 600 pigs.

Another auction scheduled for next month concerns Ven, Milborne Port, near Sherborne, Dorset, an outstanding William and Mary house, which was sold at the beginning of the year to Mrs. J. R. Collins, who has modernised the house, having installed oil-fired central heating and an up-to-date kitchen on the ground floor, and, by sealing off rooms on the second floor, reduced it to easily manageable proportions.

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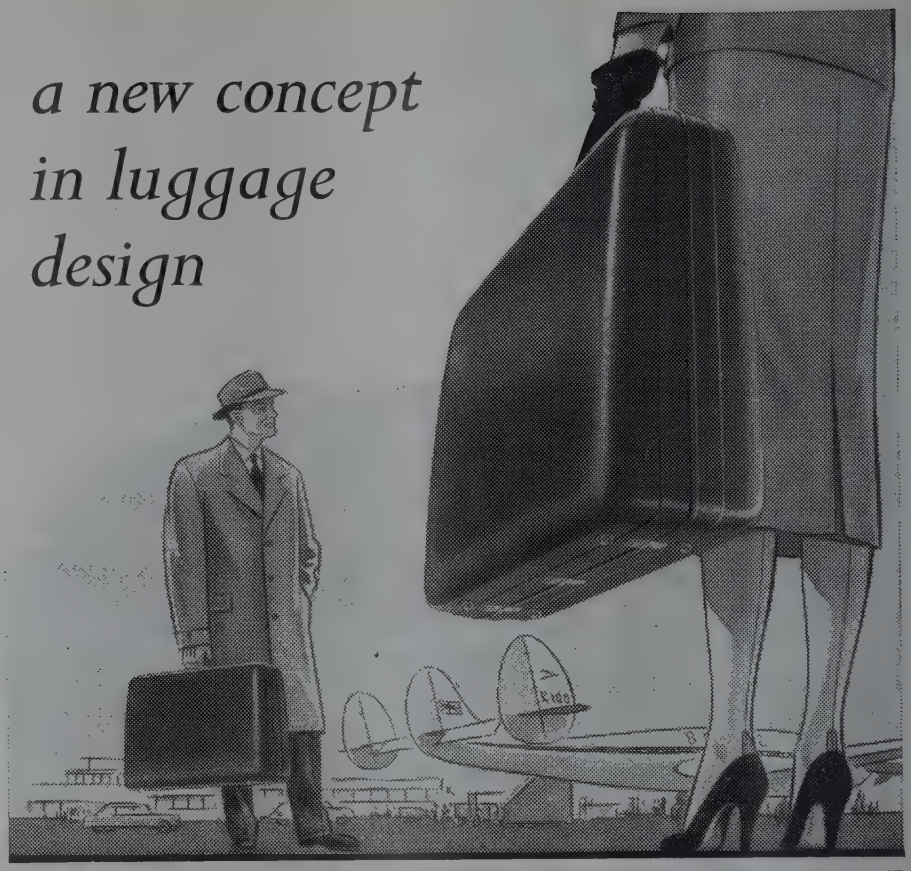

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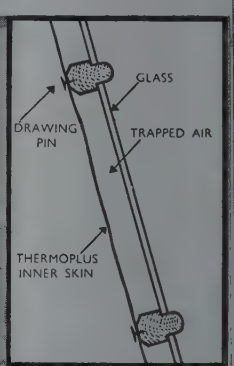

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FARMING NOTES

DISEASE RISKS FROM SOUTH AMERICA

MORE than half of the outbreaks of foot-and-mouth disease which have occurred this year have been traced to infection of South American origin. The Minister of Agriculture told the House of Commons that there have been 116 confirmed outbreaks of the disease in England and Wales this year, including 29 classified as primaries. Of the primaries 17 are attributed to meat from South America; these gave rise to 79 secondary outbreaks. Once the meat is landed in this country it seems almost impossible to prevent infection from getting to our farms in one way or another, even to the hill country of Wales. It can be brought in the bones or scraps of meat which are sometimes fed to farm dogs without thorough boiling and the infection can be carried by the sacking used to wrap chilled and frozen beef. No one is deliberately careless, but the disease is highly infectious.

Should we not take a more drastic line with the South American authorities and warn them that we shall not be able to continue to take their meat unless they can give more satisfactory guarantees about its freedom from infection? The Minister told Parliament that his veterinary officers have lately discussed with the Argentine authorities the possibility of keeping animals in quarantine for a period before slaughter, but this was not found to be practicable. Mr. Heathcoat Amory added that the Argentine authorities are making every effort to reduce the risk, but no system of inspection can be relied upon to eliminate it completely. The long-term aim of Argentina is to eradicate foot-and-mouth disease. This is admirable, but must we meanwhile continue to bear the losses and inconvenience which the importation of South American meat involves?

Productivity in Farming

AT this time when there is so much talk about the need for increased productivity in all industries it is well to keep in mind agriculture's record in the past 10 years. The index of production has gone up from 124 per cent. of the pre-war level to 158 per cent., and during this decade the total number employed in the industry has dropped from 980,000 to 755,000. This is a tribute to the productivity of all engaged in the business of food production. With a further wage rise we shall now have to do better still.

Great Self-sufficiency

THE theme of the Twelfth Oxford Farming Conference, to be held from January 6 to 8 next, will be "Towards Greater Self-Sufficiency." The committee who run the conference, under the chairmanship this year of Sir James Scott Watson, have picked a strong team of speakers. Sir Solly Zuckerman, who presided over the committee which recently produced an excellent report on the use of our natural resources, is to lead off with a paper on the national need for increased self-sufficiency. He will be considering not so much self-sufficiency on the individual farm as the position of agriculture in the national economy. Coming to the practical application of self-sufficiency, Professor D. S. Hendrie, the Principal of the West of Scotland Agricultural College, who knows New Zealand well, will review the production of home-grown food and grass leading to a debate, which is sure to be controversial, on the merits of home-mixed or purchased foods. More farmers are now making up rations on the farm, using home-grown cereals, such as barley and oats, as the basis and buying concentrates to make balanced rations. Details of the conference may be obtained from Mr. M. H. R. Soper, Department of Agriculture, Parks-road, Oxford.

Cereals Pay Best

ACCORDING to the latest set of figures produced by the Cambridge economists, profits declined in all districts of East Anglia last year owing to costs continuing to rise while receipts remained fairly constant. The fall in profits in the Fens from £27 to £9 an acre was much more spectacular than on the high land, where the average profit fell from £10 to £8 an acre. But the comparison is not really valid, because the Fen farms had such an extraordinarily good year in 1955 when their potato-growing gave an abnormal profit. On the whole cropping farms have shown rising profits owing largely to increasing cereal yields. Arable farms with livestock are considered more profitable than those without, and indeed there is some indication that there is a decline in the number of arable farms without livestock. This does not imply the abandonment of cash cropping. Such farms have merely added livestock and if necessary have purchased more feeding-stuffs. The largest change is one of cereal specialists who have taken up pigs and poultry as a sideline no doubt to use tail corn and perhaps to provide some farm-yard manure. This I take as a sign of grace in their farming practice. There are some useful figures on the changing fortunes of different farm types in this *Report on Farming* 1956/57, obtainable from the School of Agriculture, University of Cambridge, price 3s. 6d.

Poultry Farming Finance

THIS Cambridge report makes brief reference to the sample of poultry costings made in 1955 and 1956 on specialist farms. These holdings, which carried about 900 birds, showed an average fall in profit from £518 to £293. This was due mainly to a reduction in egg yields and a lower price for eggs. In 1956 the group as a whole made insufficient income to cover the occupier's time without any interest on the capital invested in the enterprise, whereas in 1955 sufficient income was made to cover 5 per cent. on capital and leave a surplus of £157 a farm. If these farms are concerned solely with ordinary egg production, are not specialising in breeding stock and are not part of a bigger farming enterprise, surely the units are too small to be fully profitable in to-day's conditions.

The Rabbits' Friend

DISAGREEING with the line I took in a recent note, urging firmer action in the campaign against rabbits, a reader tells me that I overlooked "what a godsend they were to our country during the last war. Had they not been obtainable no doubt a lot of people would have starved, as food was so greatly rationed." He goes on: "As another war is not an impossibility rabbits should certainly be allowed to increase. Moreover they help to keep down the undergrowth in woods and open spaces, which lessens the risk of large fires. I personally do a lot of covert shooting and since the commencement of myxomatosis have not fired at any healthy rabbits; nor shall I do so until their numbers have greatly increased." I think this is an entirely mistaken view. So far as the country's meat supplies are concerned, 10 rabbits eat as much grass as one sheep and they foul a great deal more of the country. There is no doubt which is the more economical producer of meat. To anyone who cares for young plantations and forestry rabbits are a curse, even more costly to the forester than to the farmer. CINCINNATUS.

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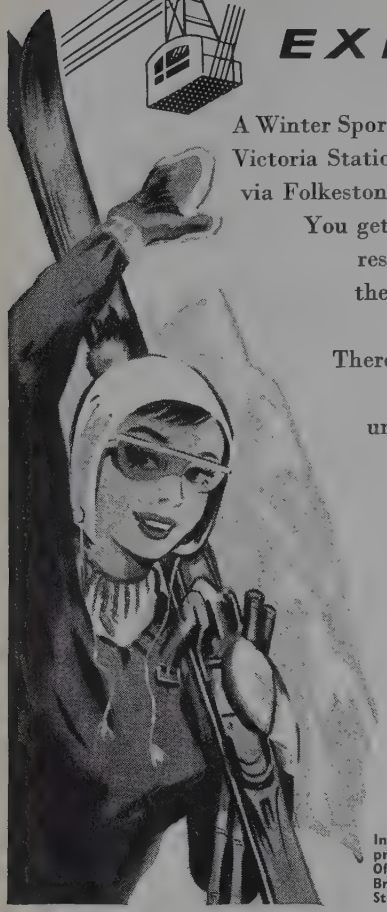

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N.B.—Names of new Bols Woodcock Club members will be given in these pages at a later date.

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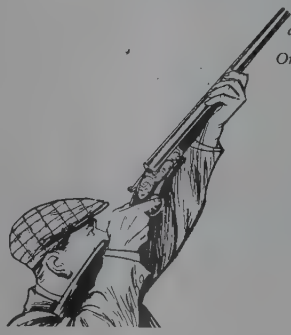

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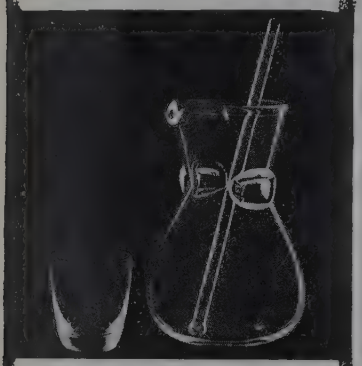

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NEW BOOKS

MODERN NOMADS OF AMERICA

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

VINNIE WILLIAMS is an American writer whose first novel, *The Fruit Tramp*, is published by Hutchinson (12s. 6d.). The outstanding thing about it is the sense of authenticity that it conveys. It is not concerned, as so many American novels are, with city life, ulcers and neuroses. Nor is it concerned with the American underworld of guys and dolls, "toughness" and all that. We are given a world of country nomads, people who work hard for a small living. "Uncle Chunk . . . knew a good lot of the regulars who followed the Atlantic crops, the eighteen hundred miles of fruit and vegetables that stretched from the Aroostook Basin in Maine down along the Appalachians to Okeechobee."

THE FRUIT TRAMP. ***By Vinnie Williams***
(Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.)

AT LADY MOLLY'S. ***By Anthony Powell***
(Heinemann, 15s.)

AMONG THE DAHLIAS. ***By William Sansom***
(Hogarth Press, 15s.)

THE SUGAR PILL. ***By T. S. Matthews***
(Gollancz, 18s.)

COLLINS' NEW AGE ENCYCLOPEDIA. ***Edited by George F. Maine and J. B. Foreman***
(Collins, 30s.)

Eighteen hundred miles is a long stretch of country, with all sorts of climates and all sorts of crops that ripen at different times of the year. The people we are concerned with follow the crops. They gather everything from leeks and lettuces to peaches and grapes, cleaning up like a cloud of benevolent locusts and then moving on to the next crop. The cloud is made up of men, women and children. All of them work in the fields. They move mostly in old broken-down cars, but the aristocrats among them trail caravans. For some, like Uncle Chunk, this is altogether too sophisticated. "You might as well have a house," he complains. To him, as to most of them, a house is the beginning of bondage, the first link in the iron fetter which at last binds a nomad to the way of life that his soul abhors.

UNGUESSED WAY OF LIFE

In this novel the other way of life, the nomad's way, is brilliantly presented. It is a book of rough vigour, picturing a kind of life that few of us had guessed to exist in contemporary America. Another thing is that a stretch of country so immense as that through which we are conducted offers an ever-changing natural scene, a variety of birds and beasts, flowers and insects, for which Miss Williams has a quick eye and a fine descriptive pen. Not that she ever bores us with set pieces of writing. All these things come in as the natural and inevitable background, as Chunk and his nephew Polk travel the long strip of the eastern coast and, once, go east to west, through the deserts to California. Barbecues and revival meetings, cock-fighting and a "shivaree"—one of those outrageous occasions when a marriage deemed unseemly is denounced by demoniac noise—all these liven the pages, and there is not a moment when the central characters are not convincing in word and deed. Whether as a "slice of life" lifted off the American highroad or as a thundering good tale, this book is to be commended.

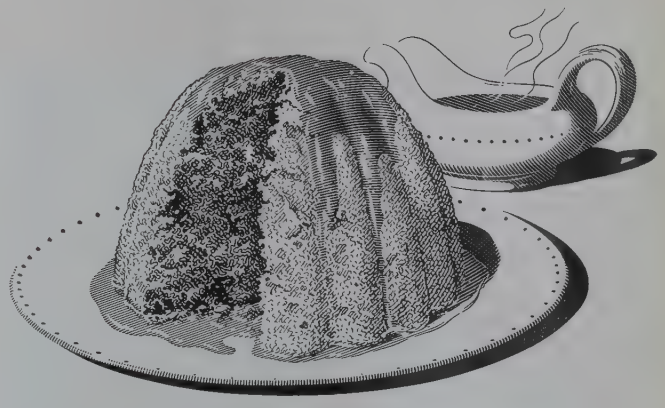
TANGLE OF RELATIONSHIPS

In *At Lady Molly's* (Heinemann, 15s.) Mr. Anthony Powell continues his exploration of the world that he is assembling under the general title, *The Music of Time*. This is the fourth volume, and as Mr. Nicholas Jenkins, the narrator, has just got himself engaged to marry an earl's sister, we may presume that there is more to come—possibly a lot more, for this will be Mr. Jenkins's first marriage, and in the world here presented a first marriage is rarely more than a trial run in double harness after a few more or less experimental "affairs." So many people have by now tied and untied so many matrimonial or extra-matrimonial knots that I sigh for a "family tree," a genealogical table, or a frank setting-out by the Queen's Proctor of what has been done in the dark. Again and again I have to stop, hark back, examine the spoor disappearing into thickets where souls and bodies tangle.

However, all this is not Mr. Jenkins's fault. It is simply my lack of *expertise* among the denizens of great houses that are fraying at the cuffs and where the very butlers are driven to drink by the atmosphere of decay. I am rather like poor Widmerpool. His father had been a salesman of manure, so that he had a lot to live down.

However, he was doing pretty well now and was engaged to Mrs. Haycock, who sounds plebeian enough, but that was only because her most recent marriage had been to an Australian named Haycock. He was out of the way now, dead or divorced or something, and Mrs. Haycock, who was a daughter of the great house of Dogdene, had got herself engaged to this Widmerpool. They were both staying at Dogdene, and poor Widmerpool thought she might expect him, following the *usage du monde*, to make the best of the opportunity. However, as General Conyers confided to Mr. Jenkins, "things hadn't gone at all well. Made up her mind he wasn't going to be any use as a husband." So there is poor Widmerpool out on his ear; and, what is more, Lord Warminster, who had taken to going

When there's a nip in the air, enjoy a soft, steaming, tingling-hot with ginger, golden-warm with syrup sauce, home-made Ginger Pudding



REMINDER RECIPE

Ginger Pudding *4 oz. currants, 4 oz. stoned raisins, ½ lb. black treacle, grated rind of 1 lemon, ½ nutmeg, 2 eggs, 1 oz. sugar, 6 oz. suet, 12 oz. flour, 1-2 teaspoons ground ginger, pinch salt, milk.*

Sieve flour, salt, ginger and nutmeg; add lemon rind. Mix in suet, sugar, currants and raisins. Make bay in centre. Pour beaten eggs into bay, and add treacle dissolved in a little milk and mix thoroughly to a medium consistency. Place in greased basin and steam for 3-4 hours. Serve with lemon syrup sauce.

Lemon Syrup Sauce *2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. sugar, 4 dessertspoons syrup, 4 dessertspoons water, juice of 1 lemon.*

Melt margarine and sugar until margarine is absorbed. Add syrup, water and lemon juice and boil for 5 minutes.

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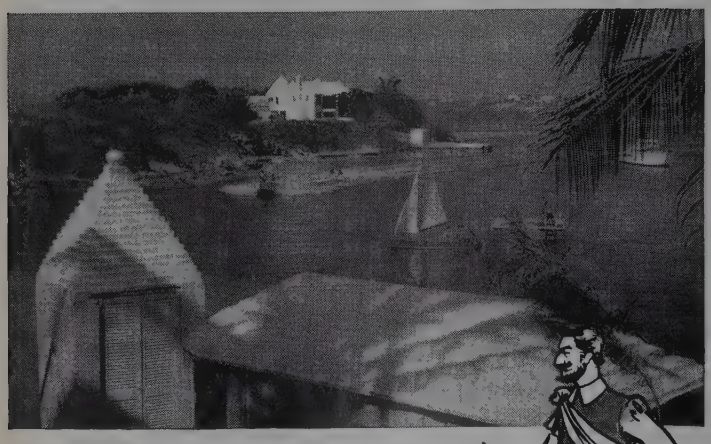

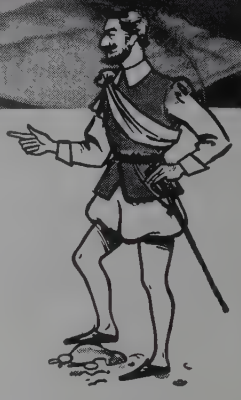

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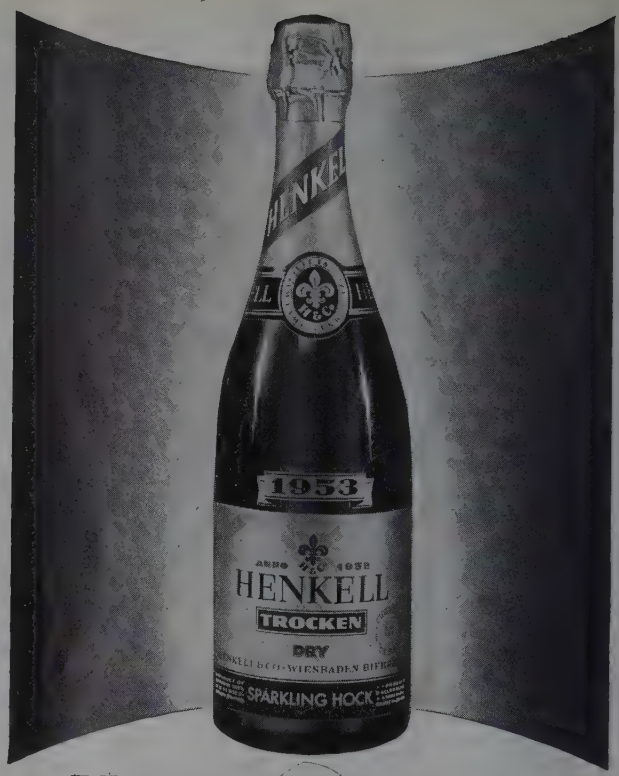

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REVIEWS by HOWARD SPRING—*continued*

about like a tramp and devoting himself to good works and, so far as one could see, to eternal celibacy, has gone off to the Far East with that lovely model who had been living with Mr. Quiggin—was possibly even married to him. So there's something more to worry the butler down at Thrubworth.

AN IRONIC BYSTANDER

I find Mr. Jenkins the perfect companion for a prowl through this jungle. Though by no means detached from it all, as his engagement to Warminster's sister shows, he has at least a mental detachment, a nicely pointed irony, as he considers his fellow-prowlers. Here is a good example of his enviable *finesse*: "'He is supposed to be rather good at making money,' interpolated Mrs. Conyers. . . . She employed a respectful yet at the same time deprecatory tone, as if this trait of Widmerpool's—his supposed facility for 'making money'—was, extraordinary as this might appear, a propensity not wholly unpleasant when you became accustomed to it." Confusingly populated as I find the jungle to be, there are few places in contemporary fiction where I am more entertained by wandering, provided always that the admirable Jenkins is there with his understanding smile and his dry comment.

METAPHYSICS AND THE SHORT STORY

I was, if I may so put it, surprised to be disappointed by Mr. William Sansom's *Among the Dahlias* (Hogarth Press, 15s.). His novel, *The Loving Eye*, and his short stories collected in *Lord Love Us* had so delighted me that I looked forward with a sharp expectation to this new collection of stories. Perhaps it was a mistake to read the last and longest story first. It is called *The Equilibriad* and has already been published, I see, separately in a limited edition at a guinea. So that obviously it is considered to be something special. I suffer from the disability of believing that a novelist's primary business is to tell a story. I agree with Trollope that a novelist is at liberty to preach as much as the next man, but heaven help him when he appears to be preaching. This long story begins with a man who got out of bed one day to find that he was tilted at a slant. He couldn't walk upright. I can imagine what a short story the early Wells would have made of this! But with Mr. Sansom we are soon embarked on this sort of thing: "The male dreams apart and above her. His pallid thoughts reach out to things invisible, unvested in the womb. She whose only destiny is parturition, whose life weaves on that alone, from beginning to end, sometimes darkly in the jealous struggle and the rages of motherhood, sometimes nursing still the generations derived and the brooded memories—she in her fibre is intent for the man." These, mind you, and many more like these, are the thoughts passing through a man's mind when a woman is trying to kill him. She has lured him into an underground station and a deserted waiting-room. There, oddly enough, was "a Royal Humane Society grab-hook." With this she grabbed him, sinking the hooks in his flesh, and, as she heaved him to and fro, he reflected: "The key of life is compensation, complement its vigour. Only with an infinite variation of unbalance can the harmony grow great and the pattern live." While he was thinking this, the woman, "her ferocious bloomers astride, planted firmly, stood her ground and tugged at the tapering bamboo." One might shout, with those old habitués of the melodrama gallery, "Look out!" but we don't, because we don't believe any of it.

There are many better stories in the book than this; but none, I thought, so good as those that sprang from simple observation, beautifully expressed, of men and women in earlier books. As for *The Equilibriad* it seemed to me not fiction at all, but an exercise in metaphysics pricked out in a mere pretence of being a story.

PRESS COMPARISONS

The purpose of *The Sugar Pill*, by an American journalist, T. S. Mat thews (Gollancz, 18s.), is to prove that "the Press is not our daily bread but our daily sugar pill" and that "both the *Daily Mirror* and the *Manchester Guardian* come out of the same homeopathic doctor's bag." "The two papers are more akin than they are different." I find only one comment to make on this conclusion laboriously reached through 200 pages of argument. It is the reply made by the Duke of Wellington to the man who came up to him saying "Mr. Smith, I believe?" "Sir, if you believe that, you'd believe anything."

COMPENDIUM FOR THE MODERN WORLD

The *Collins New Age Encyclopedia* (Collins, 30s.), edited by George F. Maine and J. B. Foreman, is a useful thing to have about you if you haven't one of the more voluminous encyclopædias. Necessarily, with all time and all the earth to deal with, you cannot, even within 1,000 pages, do more than make a thumbnail sketch of anything. But there are not many things of which at least a thumbnail sketch is not provided. Modern preoccupations are well catered for. Such a movement as Apartheid is explained, and we have Atom, Atomic Battery, Atomic Bomb, Atomic Energy, Atomic Energy Authority, Atomic Energy Commission, Atomic Pile, Atomic Power Stations, Atomic Ships, with cross-references to further information. A side of the book that I thought rather odd was the selection of living persons chosen for record. As a small example, without wishing to diminish the importance of popular comedians, what makes them more worthy of inclusion than, say, a historian like A. L. Rowse, or a writer like H. M. Tomlinson?

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

THE second edition of the authoritative *Birds of Eastern and North Eastern Africa*, by C. W. Mackworth-Praed and Captain C. H. B. Grant (Longmans, Green, 45s.) contains information about the distinguishing characters, distribution and habits of six species (two petrels, a shearwater, a francolin and two sandpipers) and five races of birds (a turtle-dove, a nightjar, two barbets and a woodpecker) that have been added to the list of the birds of the area since the first edition was closed for press in 1951. There are also several corrections and additions to that edition, including notes on the habits and call of the rare Ayres' hawk-eagle.

Eileen A. Soper's *Wild Encounters* (Routledge and Kegan Paul, 25s.), which she has illustrated herself with numerous charming drawings, is a delightful account of various incidents of bird and animal life, notably the doings of a family of badgers throughout the year.

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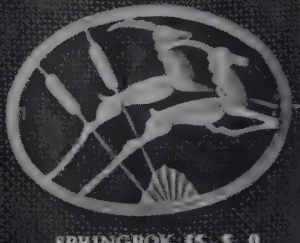

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Modifications of the New Line

THE full impact of the Paris line will not be felt until the spring and summer clothes are in the shops early in the New Year, but the clothes from the mid-season collections of the wholesalers point the way things are going. These designs are coming rapidly into the shops and include many bloused versions of the "sack," also slender dresses that are moulded under the bust by long darts and hang softly from the shoulders to the hem at the back. Some of these taper to the hem and this creates a more shapely line, and always the sacks are fitted easily in front so that in reality the cut is complicated in the extreme, though this is not apparent. Dresses are shown for the winter in fine flexible wools with three-quarter sleeves and for next year in light silks and cottons when they are sleeveless and usually take an oval neckline or are cut out to a scoop neckline and have a very short sleeve. Higher versions of both necklines appear for the winter, for collars seem unpopular.

Modified versions of this same silhouette are featured for coats, carried out in one of the fluffy mohair fabrics, in supple blanket woollens or flecked tweeds. Collars are always included, small or very large ones, and colours are fresh and bright for the plains and usually a dark jewel shade allied with white for the tweeds. The long roll collars are slit on each side, some high up on the shoulders, some low down. Narrow turn-down collars fall away for an inch or so from the neck much like a shirt, and this is a line that looks well in one of the flexible flecked tweeds or in the mohair and nylon mixtures that have a bouclé curl. Plaid and check coats also feature a wide collar and some of these coats have deep inverted pleats set in about knee level on either side of the front as well as at the back.

A two-piece of olive-green hopsack wool showing the bloused jacket of this season with oval neckline over a sheath dress (Harrods)

(*Left*) A full-length coat of black diamond mink designed by Lanvin Castillo. It has an enormous cape collar which stands away from the throat, and in contrast the hemline is slender (Debenham and Freebody)

For winter travellers there are wonderful coats in thick firm knitted cotton and various mixtures. These hang straight from narrow shoulders to a narrow hem. Susan Small makes them in fine ribs and piqué jersey, also with a curled surface like a white poodle—smart for a Mediterranean holiday with its sheath of a sleeveless white dress. At Rima they are in a cotton bouclé, in another knit with an exceptionally firm, taut texture. A black collarless coat with a big button at the throat, a second at the waist and a third on the hem goes over a white cotton bouclé dress that is moulded and beltless. Other coats in navy blue, coffee brown or white are narrow, have neat collars and revers and cover moulded dresses in a contrasting shade.

These knitted cottons or cotton with nylon mixtures mark a definite departure in style and the simple straight dresses look like replacing, in many instances, the wide-skirted printed cottons during next summer. Colours shown have been mostly beige, caramel, navy and brighter-than-navy blue, honey, white and much beige combined with white. Styles are all as simple as they can possibly be. The sleeveless straight dresses are shaped like a shirt at the top; they are pleated finely and shown with or without a belt. Many with a cut-out curved or square neckline and an inch or two of sleeve have a short jacket

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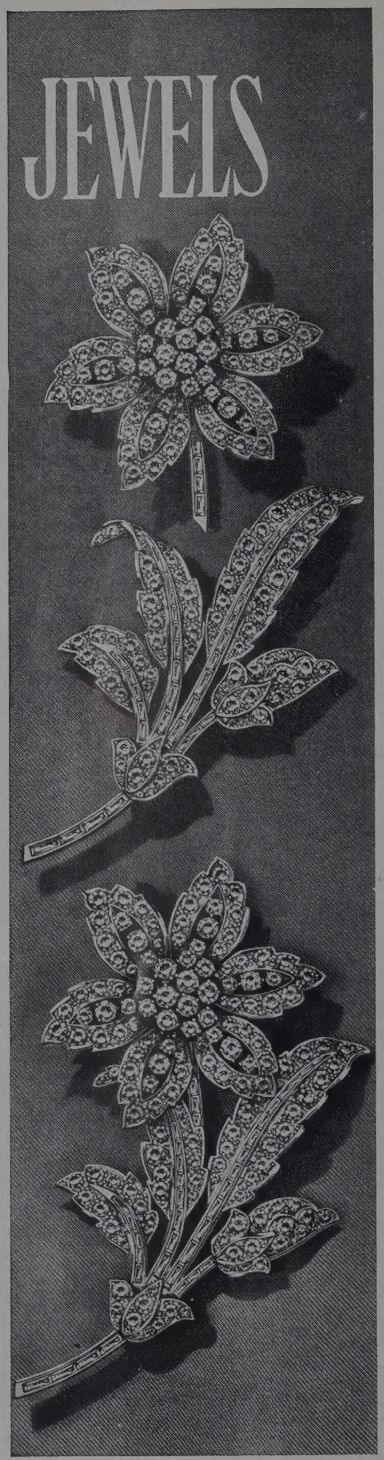

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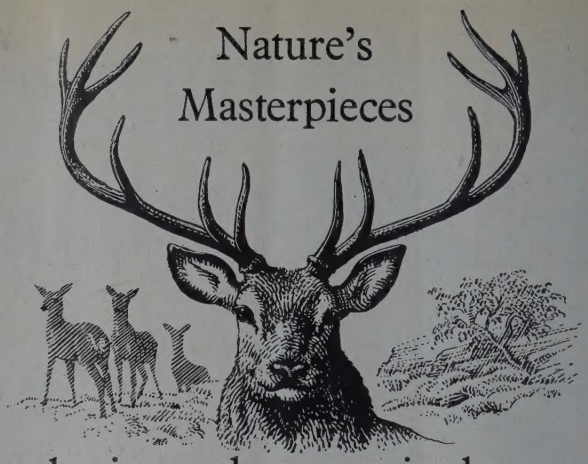

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to match, hanging to the hipbone and usually with three-quarter sleeves. Piping in a second colour or white will decorate the necklines and edge the jackets or narrow bands of minute checks. A coffee and ivory two-piece at Rima's has a narrow ivory band knitted in on the edges of the coffee-brown jacket fronts as well as round the neck and sleeves. A jacquard knitted suit of Susan Small in the same elegant colour scheme where the ground is ivory is piped with coffee brown. The outfits look cool and smartly tailored and are creaseless.

MORE plain fabrics than patterned are being shown among the early spring and summer clothes. As a heavier weight is necessary for the slim straight lines than for the bouffant silhouette this is logical, for a heavy canvas-type fabric, or when the surface is broken by a mixture of yarns, looks best in a plain shade. Marcus has a tweed-like fabric of sand and white cotton that is charming. Thin white silky yarns and thick beige and white slubs break the surface, and the fabric is shown as a straight jacket that reaches the top of the hips over a slender dress with cut-out neckline. A coffee-coloured linen jumper suit shows how effective the straight up-and-down contours can look when there is a horizontal break all round just below the waist. In this instance the jumper is collarless and fastened down the centre front by flat gilt buttons. Prints in this collection featured massed floral arrangements in several tones of the same colour on an ivory ground, and both silks and cottons follow this scheme.

Again it was the plains or the neatest of patterns that took the laurels in the Horrockses preview for summer. In beige, blond, putty or white cotton, linen or silk tussore, the dress and jacket outfits were broken on the hiplines by a bow or buckled fastening, or by a built-in band that holds down a group of pleats.

Among the plains a huge dogtooth check looked dazzling. A pale sugar pink summer ensemble and a white marcella piqué jacket over a honey linen dress were most successful. Cardigans designed to match up to the familiar cottons with crisp wide pleated skirts provided the counter to the uncertainties of temperature of an English summer.

On the whole day skirts and coats are tending to be longer in spite of all the scare of skirts above the knees that came over from Paris. With the narrow silhouette this balances the line. Close-fitting hats can be pulled well on and fold backwards. High in favour both for the present as well as the future is the matching hip-length jacket that ties in front at the hem with a drawstring so that it pouches over. This has been shown in fine woollens and supple jerseys of every description and shows off the casual easy line at its most wearable. The accompanying dresses are as simple as they can be, frequently moulded to the figure by darting and narrow at the hemline and with low curving necklines. The drawstring jackets are called a "blouseon" and can be worn in place of a cardigan. They are, in fact, the latest version of the cardigan.

The dress fitted to the waist in front with a loose back takes the place of the shirtwaister of last year. In grey flannel as Atrima shows it, the line is dramatically new without being eccentric. Some of the dresses hold in the fronts by a shaped belt which is slotted through the loose backs so that they fall softly. The less venturesome will find it comforting to know that the belt can be worn over the back folds in the orthodox way. But the other version creates the new silhouette. Necklines vary from the high to the low cut-out, but usually there is no collar.

The drooping lines of the dresses often pouched or with loose backs and the barrel-shaped backs with collars falling away from the throat seen on so many of the winter coats create the new look of this winter. It is in startling contrast to the curves and gussets technique, all bent on emphasising the waist, that has been the fashion in some form or another for the past decade. The beige, cream, caramel and chestnut brown shades have dominated the displays so far for day time, but there have been some pinks.

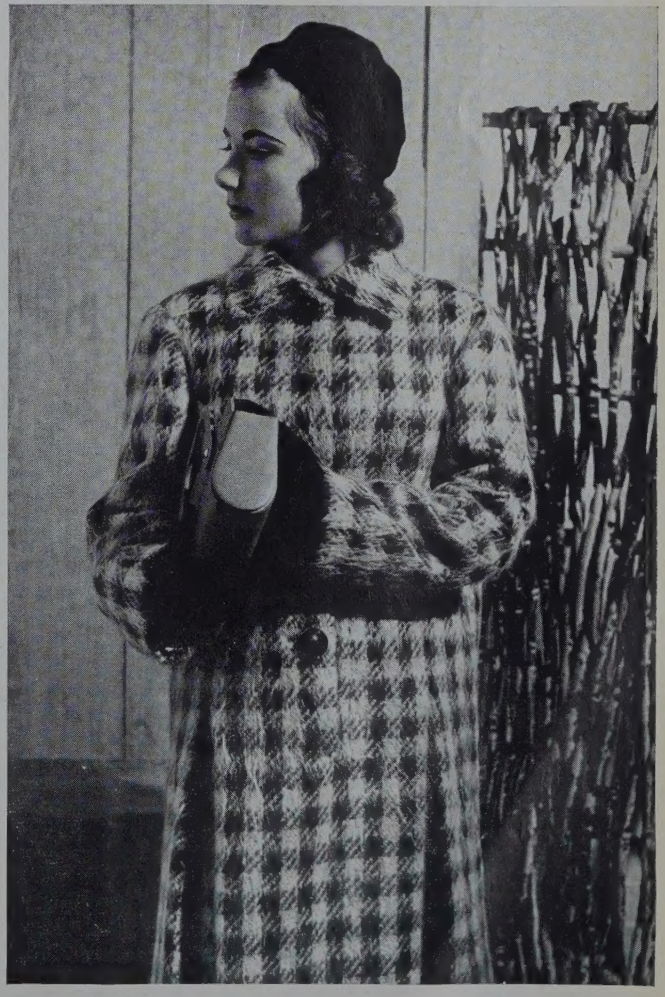
P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

A cap of caramel-coloured brushed velours which has a headband of grosgrain (Scotts)

(*Left*) A cocktail dress with black pleated organza front and a black taffeta back. A wide band of taffeta circles the hemline (Debenham and Freebody)

Below is a coat of mohair and nylon in a large black-and-white check that has two wide box pleats set in on the hip-line (Woollands)

Photographs by COUNTRY LIFE *Studio*



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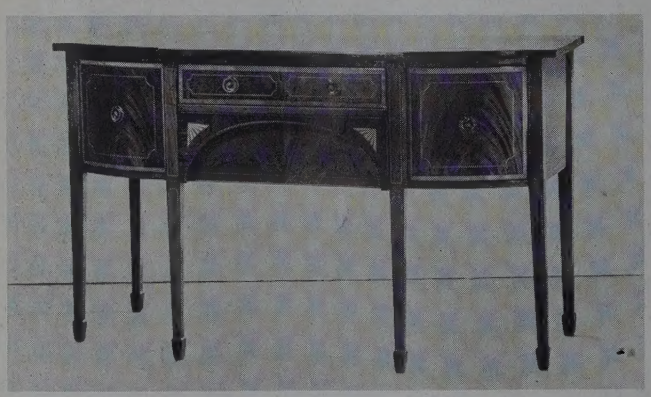

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